McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. [illegible], Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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FIREMEN'S ~~CONVENTION~~ COMING HERE.

Will be Held in Smethport on August 1, 2 and 3.

FIREMEN TO BE WELL CARED FOR.

It will be Three Big Days in Smethport—Business Meeting on Wednesday, Parade on Thursday and the Races on Friday.

The twelfth annual convention of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Firemen's Association will be held in Smethport on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 1, 2 and 3, 1906, and it is the object of the Smethport firemen and citizens to make this meeting equal if not superior to any meeting ever held by this association.

At the meeting of the officers of the association, held at the parlors of Hose No. 1, at Bradford last Thursday evening, the delegation, composed of Sheridan Gorton, D. M. Brasted, W. A. Anderson and T. H. Purtle, representing Smethport, extended an invitation to come here and this invitation was promptly accepted and the dates set as above stated.

Those present at the meeting, who are officers or members of the committees included the following: Burt McAllister of Bradford, president; Fred Seger, Emporium, secretary; M. Colin, Bradford, treasurer; E. H. Watkins, Kane; F. S. Blackman, Port Allegany; L. J. A. Lesser, Ridgway; E. E. McCann, Bradford; Robert Shane, Kane; O. G. Keltz, Kane; George Palmer, Union City; Sigfred Otterson of Elk Hose Co., Ridgway, was also in attendance at the meeting.

The Smethport Hose Company held a meeting last Thursday evening, at which time various committees were appointed to make all necessary preparations for the convention. Each committee has taken hold of its work with a will and there is no question about this convention being a grand success.

Smethport is one of the smallest towns so far as population goes that has ever been allotted this honor and in some respects it will be difficult to give the visiting firemen and their friends suitable accommodations, but the people are all united in making this convention a great success and therefore these difficulties will be surmounted most satisfactorily.

Automobilists Arrested.

On Monday Dr. E. R. Baker and D. M. Brasted were arrested and arraigned before Justice Chase of East Smethport, charged with violating the automobile laws. Dr. Baker was charged with running his auto at night without the prescribed tail light and Mr. Brasted, was charged with running his auto with only one license number when the law says there shall be two. Owing to the fact that there was some defect in the information a compromise was made and both were discharged upon payment of costs.

It has been rumored that there is just a little bit of spite in these arrests and the fact that in neither case was any damage done by their omissions makes it look as though these rumors were based on facts. If such is the case our advice is to "cut it out" and all concerned come to a mutual agreement of friendship and good-fellowship.

Generally speaking the automobilists are very considerate of the safety and comfort of those driving horses and in many cases do much more in the way of courtesies than is required by law. While on the other hand the driver of a team often shows the automobilists similar courtesies. Of course there are the "hogs" in both classes but the actions of this class should be discouraged by their fellow horsemen and fellow automobilists and good feeling promoted at every opportunity.

If it comes to a war between the horsemen and automobilists both sides will suffer without either reaping any benefit. There are many ways one faction can make it very unpleasant for the other and, worst of all, such a war cannot help causing accidents which may cost innocent people much suffering and possibly their lives. The automobile has come to stay. Let the horse owner and automobilist bury their little prejudices and be on the most friendly terms.

For Sale.

Farm, 480 acres, situate about four miles west of the village of Friendship, N. Y., on the main travelled highway between the villages of Friendship and Cuba; well watered, young orchard consisting of apple, pear, plum and cherry; sufficient wood for farm and building purposes, sixty head of stock and some other personal property. Will sell cheap if taken at once. Only small payment required down. Address Lock Box 158, Friendship, N. Y.

Attend the Olean races July 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

Whittaker-Eilingsfeld Nuptials.

At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Eilingsfeld, corner of Mechanic and King streets, at eight o'clock Wednesday evening occurred a very pretty home wedding, when the Rev. J. Heber McCandless spoke the words which united the lives of Mr. Charles Henry Whittaker of Manhattan, Pa., and Miss Matilda Fredreca Eilingsfeld of Smethport.

Promptly at the hour mentioned the contracting parties and their attendants took their places in the front parlor and in a few short minutes the ceremony had been performed in the presence of the immediate families and a few invited guests. The bride was attended by Miss Eva Mott of Port Allegany as maid of honor, and Miss Carrie Eilingsfeld, a sister, as bridesmaid. Mr. Ralph Whittaker, a brother of the groom, acted as best man, and Little Marie Sasse, a niece of the bride, was flower bearer.

The bride was becomingly attired in a handsome gown of white chiffon, the maid of honor was gowned in pink silk chiffon and the bridesmaid wore a gown of white crepe trimmed with pink.

Following the ceremony a sumptuous wedding luncheon was served and during this period the happy young couple drove to Port Allegany, where they departed on the flyer for a bridal trip in Southern Pennsylvania. Upon their return they will reside in Manhattan.

The bride has been a resident of this borough for a number of years and has been a successful teacher in the Smethport schools for the past two years. During her residence here she has won the love and esteem of all who know her by her charming and endearing ways and the many friends are legion in wishing her a long, happy and prosperous wedded life. Mr. Whittaker is a rising young business man in Manhattan and holds the esteem and confidence of his acquaintances.

The out of town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Perry, Wilcox, Pa.; Henry Whittaker, Ralph Whittaker, Galeton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Todd, Mrs. D. S. Helmer, Mrs. W. J. Hall, Misses Martha Hilton, Ruth Hilton, Mayme Steele and Ethel Vosburg, Port Allegany, Pa.

Grangers to Start a Bank.

A tier of grange banks are being planned for in this State and some have been organized and are doing a successful business. One of these banks, to be known as The Grangers' National, will undoubtedly be located in McKean county.

A representative of the State Grange has been in this county explaining the nature of the concern and consulting with the grangers and at a recent meeting of Pomona Grange in Port Allegany the project was discussed at length and met with such favorable consideration that $10,000 in stock was subscribed. Since then the entire capital stock, $50,000, has been subscribed.

The exact location for the new institution has not as yet been decided upon but the chances are exceedingly bright that Smethport, which is the most central point in the county, will be its home. Much of the stock has been taken by Smethport capitalists and efforts are being made to locate it here, but until a meeting of those interested is held the site will not be decided upon.

The bank will be operated under the laws governing all national banks, and as it will be owned and operated almost entirely by the grangers it will no doubt will prove a paying venture. The capital stock is $50,000. One share is valued at $100 and a stockholder is limited to ten shares, or $1,000. Every one has an equal chance and the person in moderate circumstances has an opportunity to invest as well as the rich.

A meeting will be held in the near future, a permanent organization effected, site selected and officers elected.

Success to the new bank.

Murder in New York Society.

Harry Thaw, brother of the Countess of Yarmouth and a member of the prominent millionaire Thaw family, shot and instantly killed Stanford White, a noted New York architect, during the performance of the musical extravaganza, "Mamselle Champagne," on the roof of the Madison Square Garden, New York, Monday evening.

During a song Thaw got up from his seat and walked down to a table where White was sitting. He made some remark to White and then pulled an automatic pistol and fired three shots at White. The first two took effect, but as the third was discharged the pistol was struck up by a fireman on duty in the theatre and the bullet went wild.

Thaw was promptly arrested and placed in the tombs. It is understood that Thaw will make his defense on the grounds of emotional insanity.

The cause of the tragedy is a good deal of a mystery. Thaw refuses to give any information more than to say that White deserved what he got, and it is the general opinion that there was a woman in the case. This murder has caused the greatest stir in New York society since James Fisk, Jr., was killed by Edward S. Stokes more than 30 years ago.

AGAIN WE ARE TROUNCED BY MT. JEWETT.

The Mountaineers Take Another After a Wordy Contest Tuesday Afternoon

MT. JEWETT 9; SMETHPORT 8.

Game was Full of Sensational Features Both Good and Bad—Umpire Caused Many Debates.

The sturdy Mountaineers again defeated the local team in a baseball talkfest at Kane Field last Tuesday afternoon, the points standing nine to eight at the finish. Owing to the absence of Tom Young a Mr. Davis of Mt. Jewett was induced to act as umpire. Now Mr. Davis is a most reputable young man and we would not think of saying anything against his integrity, but he is too kind and obliging and too much afraid of hurting someone's feelings for a successful umpire. In his endeavor to keep everybody good natured he was continually "evening up" matters or arguing with the players for a compromise that would be satisfactory to all, so the average baseball fan can imagine what a mess he made of it.

The game started with the visitors at the bat and they retired in order. With one out McCabe drove a liner to Denning which burned a hole through his glove and by the time "Curley" found it "Zeke" was safely on second. Tull attempted a sacrifice but McCabe was caught at third, badly wrenching his left shoulder in the slide. Tull advanced to second on a wild pitch and scored on Reilly's hit. King hit for two bags but Reilly could not score.

Two Mt. Jewett men reached first in the second but one was caught at third so only four men faced Delo. Estry got hit and two hits by Delo and McCabe scored him. McCabe again hurt his shoulder while batting and was forced to leave the game, Glavin going to center field and King coming in to third.

In the third inning an error, a base on balls, two hits and another error netted Mt. Jewett four runs. Smethport was retired in order.

The visitors scored one run in the fourth on two singles. After two were out Delo made a hit which coupled up with two errors, a wild pitch, a base on balls and three hits netted the locals five runs.

Here Delo had to leave to catch his train and Fuller went in. Mt. Jewett got another run on a hit, a stolen base and an error. The locals failed to score in their half of the fifth.

There was nothing doing in the run getting line on either side until the last half of the eighth when four errors on the part of the visitors gave the locals another run.

In the ninth a hit, a steal, two errors and two hits netted the visitors three runs, making the score 9 to 8 in their favor. Croissant started off the last half of the ninth with a hit, but was promptly nabbed while attempting to steal second, Brown fanned, Estry lined her out for three bags and Fuller ended the agony by fanning, and thus Mt. Jewett won another game from Smethport.

The tabulated tale of the disaster follows:

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Davis, 2d	6	1	1	1	1	4
McCarty, ss	5	2	2	3	8	1
Denning, cf	5	1	1	1	0	1
Slack, c	5	1	0	5	2	0
Duffey, 2d	4	2	2	5	0	1
Benson, 1st	5	0	1	0	0	1
Gardner, rf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Oakes, lf	4	1	2	8	0	0
Johnson, p	4	1	0	0	2	1
Total	40	9	9	27	8	9

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Daniels, 2d	5	1	1	1	[illegible]	1
McCabe, 3rd	2	0	1	1	0	0
Glavin, cf	2	2	1	2	0	0
Tull, ss	5	2	0	2	3	3
Riley, c	5	1	2	5	4	2
King, cf 3d	4	0	1	4	0	1
Croissant, 1st	5	0	3	10	0	0
Brown, rf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Estry, lf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Delo, p	2	1	2	0	0	0
Fuller, p	2	0	0	0	1	1
Total	41	8	12	27	11	6

By innings:

Mt. Jewett	0	0	4	1	1	0	0	0	3	—9
Smethport	1	1	0	5	0	0	0	1	0	—8

Two base hit—Denning, Duffey; King.
Three base hit—Estry.
Base on balls—off Delo 1; off Johnson 2.
Struck out—by Delo 4, by Fuller 4; by Johnson 1.
Wild pitch—Johnson 2.
Hit by pitcher—Estry; Duffey.
Time of game—2:15.
Umpire—Davis.

SATURDAY'S FLUKE.

The Case Cutlery Company baseball team of Bradford played a four inning game with a picked nine at Kane Field last Saturday afternoon, winning out by a score of 5 to 4. This team came to Smethport with the intention of crossing bats with the regular team, but as most of the local players were in Mt. Jewett and were under the impression that the game had been called off there was nothing doing. It is to be regretted that such a state of affairs happened and does not tend to increase the patronage at home games. The game had been cancelled on Friday evening by the treasurer manager, but it seems that a player shortly afterward telephoned the Case team to come on. They did so with the above result, and in the meantime the player who did the telephoning went to Mt. Jewett also and never informed anyone the Case team was coming. The visitors were a gentlemanly lot of fellows and it is to be regretted that they were put to such inconvenience.

Democrats Nominate Mr. Emery.

The Democratic State convention held at Harrisburg yesterday nominated the following ticket:

For governor—Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, the Lincoln party nominee.

For lieutenant governor—Jere S. Black of York.

For auditor general—William T. Creasey, the Prohibition nominee.

For secretary of internal affairs—John J. Green of Philadelphia.

The platform deals entirely with State issues, except one plank, which commends William J. Bryan. The convention did not go on record in favor of Bryan's nomination for President.

This was the smallest Democratic State convention that has assembled in recent years, the 327 delegates not filling the lower floors of the opera house.

Emery was the choice of the delegates who favor fusion with the Lincoln party on a State ticket. He was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of 261 to 60 for Arthur G. Dewalt of Lehigh county, the choice of National Committeeman James M. Guffey of Pittsburg, and others who favored a straight Democrat for governor. Two votes were cast for David T. Watson, the Pittsburg lawyer.

Mr. Black, the nominee for second place, is a grandson of the late Judge J. Black, attorney general in President Buchanan's cabinet, and a son of the late Chauncey F. Black, lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Creasy is the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives and was nominated for auditor general by the recent Prohibition convention.

The greatest surprise of the convention was Green's nomination, which was made after many of the delegates had left the hall for their homes.

Three sessions were held and the convention did not finish its work until 8:30 o'clock.

Possidio Tiberi Detained.

Upon learning that Possidio Tiberi, a cousin of Guiseppi Tiberi, and one of the leading witnesses in the Coryville murder case, intended purchasing transportation for Italy last Friday, the Bradford police detained him and notified the proper county authorities.

Constable E. W. Jones went to Bradford and brought Tiberi here on Saturday where he was given a hearing before Justice Knapp and held as a witness for the October term of court in the sum of $200, which was furnished by E. W. Jones.

Tiberi told Constable Jones that his reason for wanting to go back to Italy was because he feared that the friends of the convicted man or the "Black Hand" would kill him. It is said that Doqui and Caruso, who were sent to the penitentiary, talked with Tiberi and told him that their friends would take revenge on him.

Carried Up to County Court.

Richard Higgins, recently arrested by Game Warden Conklin for the alleged violation of the fish and game laws in having in his possession a number of undersized trout, was arraigned before Alderman Williams yesterday afternoon for a hearing. Attorneys Mullin & Mullin appeared for the defendant and Attorney Jones for the Commonwealth. A number of witnesses were sworn and their evidence taken, including that of the game warden. Higgins was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $540, or serve a day in jail for each dollar of the amount. On certiorari proceedings Higgins' attorneys succeeded in obtaining the release of their client on a bond of $1,080 which was furnished and the case will be duly tried at Smethport.—Bradford Era.

Saturday's Boat Race.

The annual collegiate boat races were held at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last Saturday, and were won in the following order:

Four-oared Varsity—Cornell, first; Syracuse, second; Columbia, third; Pennsylvania, fourth. Cornell's time, 10:35 1-5.

Eight-oared Freshman—Syracuse, first; Cornell, second; Wisconsin, third; Columbia, fourth; Pennsylvania, fifth. Syracuse's time, 9:51 3-5.

Eight-oared Varsity—Cornell, first; Pennsylvania, second; Syracuse, third; Wisconsin, fourth; Columbia, fifth; Georgetown, sixth. Cornell's time, 19:36 4-5.

Spring Millinery.

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store. Place your order now. Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer. MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Whiteola, the great shoe, glove and clothing cleaner at Fry & Comes and J. Colegrove's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Little Susie, only child of W. F. Peck, foreman and business manager of the MINER office, died Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 3, 1883, after a few days only of suffering. She was taken sick Saturday evening with acute form of cholera infantum, and sank steadily until she fell asleep in the arms of Him who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." She was a bright, lovable child, and during her brief existence of but little over a year had entwined herself in the hearts of all around her. The funeral which took place this Thursday morning was attended by a large circle of friends and relatives who mingled their tears with the heartbroken young parents and supported them with their sympathies and consolation. Rev. W. B. Wagoner, former pastor of the M. E. church of this place, conducted the funeral services, which was rendered by him exceedingly affecting and appropriate.

In behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Peck we want to express their deep felt gratitude to their friends in Smethport—one and all—for the kindness unstintedly extended to them in their sad bereavement.

Babcock-Rogers.—At the M. E. parsonage, Smethport, Jan. 2, 1883, by Rev. E. P. Hubbell, Almond D. Babcock and Miss Lissa Rogers, all of Friendship, N. Y.

A billiard expert by the name of Sage gave an exhibition of his art at Moore's billiard room last Saturday evening, by playing a four ball game of three hundred points against M. A. Sprague, R. F. Wright and F. B. Dunn. The expert did some good playing but the amateurs beat him by forty-eight points.

We have learned the following particulars of a fatal accident, which occurred at Colegrove on Monday, Jan. 15, 1883: In putting the covering on the large iron tanks two men work together, one on the outside and one on the inside. The inside man is supported by a rude scaffolding built up nearly to the roof of the tank. While at work in this manner one of the planks of this scaffolding suddenly gave way, precipitating the workman to the floor, the portions of the plank following him. He was picked up insensible and died almost immediately. He was a stranger to most of the workmen, only having commenced work a few days before his fatal mishap.

Last evening (Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1883) while Simon Barns and Pat McCabe were going through the woods on Prospect Hill, near the residence of the latter, they discovered the body of a man apparently dead, lying upon the ground. They lost no time in hastening to the borough and announcing the unpleasant discovery. This morning Esq. Smith, accompanied by the township poormaster and a number of citizens, visited the spot and found the body of the unfortunate man as stated by the startled original discoverers. It was immediately recognized as the body of Hugh McNeil, an aged Scotch laborer, who has been employed by different parties in the vicinity. An empty whiskey bottle was found in his pocket (in itself a satisfactory clue to the indirect cause of his death), together with a memorandum book, some private papers and over six dollars in money. The last that had been seen of him was on Thursday evening at East Smethport. He had been stopping at Pat McCabe's and was evidently on his way home, when being overcome by the contents of the bottle he sat down to rest, became chilled and perished with the cold. The body was brought to the borough and placed in charge of Undertakers Specht and Sasse. After dinner Esq. Smith empanelled a coroner's jury who rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts. He had no family or friends in this country. He claimed to be a Scotchman and that he had brothers living in Nova Scotia. He was apparently 55 or 60 years of age, and a man who had seen better days.

S. S. Burgstresser, the artist, frequently visits the big bridge to make views of it for sale and for adornment of his art gallery in this borough. One week ago yesterday (Oct. 25, 1883) he took a trip to the bridge, driving a horse of Charles Gallup's. After arriving there he took the horse from the wagon and hitching him went about his business. Some time afterward the horse succeeded in getting loose and wandering toward the bridge took the sidewalk—a three foot one—and proceeded out without being noticed until he had made something like a third of the distance across. Some men observed him and knowing they could not turn him around on so narrow a space concluded that he must go across. To this was offered the obstruction of two barrels of paint standing on the sidewalk ahead of the horse. These were disposed of by pitching them into the abyss below, and Dobbin proceeded across without the least appearance of fear. He is the first, and probably will be the last horse to cross this chasm on foot.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Boys Eyes Blown Out.

The following from the Coudersport Enterprise should be a warning to parents who are in the habit of allowing small children to celebrate with high explosives:

Little Walter Gross, the nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. August Gross, had his right eye destroyed and his left eye seriously injured by the explosion of a fire cracker about five thirty o'clock this afternoon.

During the afternoon the little fellow had bought a bunch of fire crackers at Blanchard's grocery store and was out enjoying them with other boys. He lighted the cracker that injured him and threw it on the ground and waited for it to explode. It did not do so and Joe Gejnck, who stood near by, suggested that it had gone out and would not go off. Walter then picked it up and holding it close to his mouth began to blow it. At about the second puff the cracker exploded with the frightful results mentioned.

Drs. R. B. Knight and F. C. Gorham were hurriedly called and they did everything possible to relieve the little sufferer from the awful agony he was in. They advised that he be at once taken to Dr. Crozier of Williamsport, the noted eye specialist, and the parents summoned a conveyance and were driven to Port Allegany, where they met the eleven o'clock flyer, reaching Williamsport at two o'clock in the morning. Dr. Crozier was called up by telephone and asked to meet the stricken child at the depot.

Mr. and Mrs. Gross have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction.

Care for Fourth of July Accidents.

Health Commissioner Dixon urges prompt medical attendance in Fourth of July accidents owing to danger of lockjaw.

Just previous to Fourth of July last year State Health Commissioner Samuel G. Dixon through the public press of Pennsylvania called the attention of the people to the great danger of lockjaw (tetanus) from wounds of toy pistols and other explosives, and he urged the necessity of immediate medical attendance in such cases. That the warning was well heeded was shown by the great reduction in the number of tetanus cases following Fourth of July accidents. Indeed there were reported only a few scattered cases throughout the whole of the State. Health Commissioner Dixon again sends out a warning message in anticipation of the coming Fourth.

"The germ which produces tetanus grows best buried in the flesh away from the air," says Dr. Dixon, "and this germ which is found in the earth, in the dust and in horse stables, and sometimes suspended in the air in windy localities, lodges easily in the small, clean cut wound made for instance by the blank cartridge.

"What I wish to impress upon every one, especially mothers, is the very great seriousness of these wounds if they are not promptly and properly treated by those with full knowledge of the subject. Early treatment by a physician will often prevent the development of tetanus. Therefore, a doctor should be called at once to treat a penetrating wound even if slight, such as powder or other explosives are apt to make. In case of prolonged delay in obtaining the services of a physician a competent druggist or trained nurse might thoroughly wash the wound and apply hot antiseptics."

Program.

The following program will be rendered at the entertainment in the M. E. church this evening:

1. Quartette, "The Goblins'll Git You if You Don't Watch Out," Messrs. Malcolm, Gleisner, Klingensmith, Grant.
2. Doll's Drill, twelve little girls.
3. Gladsome Songs, boys.
4. Recitation, Norche Kidder.
5. Piano Duet, "Scherzo," Mrs. Brown, Elnorah Colegrove.
6. Solo, Selected, Flossie Freeman.
7. Recitation, "Who Made the Speech," Hester Kerr.
8. Lily March and Song, twelve little girls.
9. Quartette, a. "Po' Li'l Lamb;" b. "Story of the Tack."
10. Flag Song, boys.
11. Recitation, "What Can a Woman Do," Helen Freeman.
12. Mother Goose Medley. Fifteen Mother Goose characters in costume, assisted by a troop of fairies and brownies.
13. Piano Solo, "Sweet Lavendar," Leona Hogarth.
14. Reading, Selected, Miss Effa Hinman.
15. Fan Drill and Chorus, twelve young ladies.
16. Quartette, "My Old Kentucky Home."

$76.50 to California and Return

Via Nickle Plate Road. Tickets from Buffalo to Los Angeles or San Francisco and return on sale daily June 24th to July 6th, inclusive. First class and good returning un[illegible] Liberal stopover p[illegible] particulars write R[illegible] Agent, 291 Main [illegible] or C. C. Lowry, T.

The Peril of Columbia

A Fourth of July Story

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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My uncle, Stephen Westcott, is a church member and a devout man. Therefore I was the more surprised to see the figure of Satan seated at his gate as I approached the house. However, I was partially prepared for this spectacle, because I had encountered several other remarkable creatures on my way up from the wharf, and, besides, I had seen this same apparition twice before in that town.

Three years ago Bentonville decided to revive the old divertissement of "Antiques and Horribles" as a part of its Fourth of July celebration, and a dramatic performance was held for the purpose of raising a fund to buy costumes. The proceeds, which were unexpectedly large, were invested with a theatrical costumer in Boston, and the general opinion was that he gave good value for the money. Among the garments which he sent was a Mephistophelian habit that had been designed for some very tall and slender man. It would not fit any of the Bentonville masqueraders who might otherwise have been willing to wear it and was eventually bestowed upon a half witted youth named Asa Colby, who was so delighted that he wanted to wear it all the time.

"Hello, Asa!" said I. "What's the matter? Sick?"

He did not answer my question orally, and I was not surprised, for Asa was a very exceptional fool, being of few words. Instead of speaking, he wagged his head in the way of negation and then shook his left hand with his right, which was his customary sign of greeting.

My cousin Celia appeared in the doorway, clothed in the garb of Columbia, and she looked very lovely. She was at that time much too beautiful for her own good, but the vanity of a schoolgirl is not necessarily a permanent blemish upon her character.

"My cousin, Richard!" she cried. "We had given you up. We were so disappointed!"

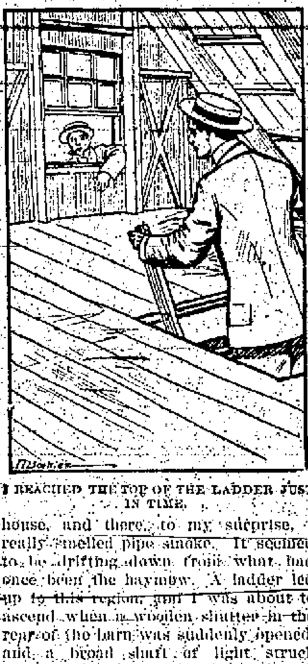
She shook hands with me somewhat hurriedly, and listened with only half an ear while I explained that my train had been late, that I had missed the little steamer across the bay and had come over in a sailboat. I judged that I had interrupted her upon the way to some engagement connected with the part in the day's observances, but a moment later, looking through the sitting room window, I saw Columbia leaning upon the gate idly conversing with Mephisto.

Good old Aunt Anne welcomed me with that kindliness which is so delightfully out of keeping with the severity of her aspect, and then I went to find Uncle Stephen, who was in the back yard, sniffing at the closed doors of a big barn long unused except as a place of storage for old furniture and queer odds and ends.

"I'm sure I smell tobacco smoke," said he after he had shaken hands with me. "Do you?"

Tobacco is his pet aversion. He can smell it a mile. I asked him how it was possible that there should be tobacco smoke in his barn, and he said that he would be obliged if I would go and help him solve the mystery.

We went into the barn by way of the long "L" which connects it with the



I REACHED THE TOP OF THE LADDER JUST IN TIME.

house, and there, to my surprise, I really smelled pipe smoke. It seemed to be drifting down from what had once been the haymow. A ladder led up to this region, and I was about to ascend when a wooden shutter in the rear of the barn was suddenly opened, and a broad shaft of light struck through the gloom above me.

I reached the top of the ladder just in time to see the face of a man who was dropping out of the window. It vanished instantly, but my glimpse of it sufficed for recognition. It was the face of Asa Colby.

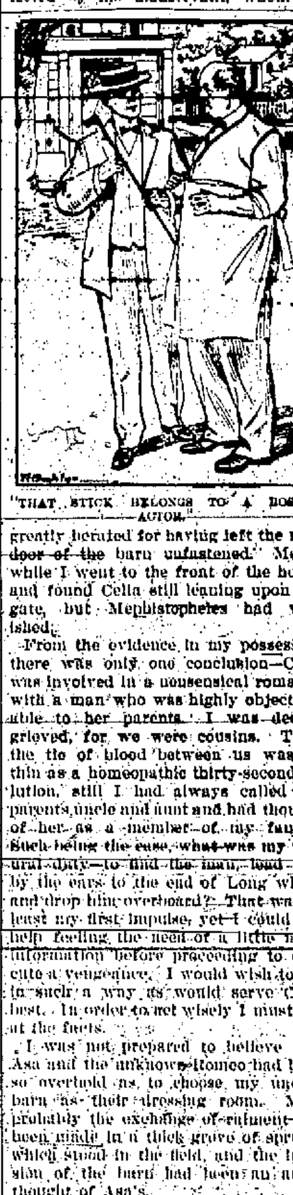
But how could the witless rascal be there when I had just seen him in front of the house? It was a puzzle indeed. I crossed to the window as fast as I could, amid the rubbish, and beheld Asa running as if for his life across the field. My surprise was very greatly increased by this spectacle, for Asa was clothed in a light sack suit of elegant design, the trousers neatly creased, and he carried a good straw hat in his hand.

Upon the floor near the window was a slender cane with a silver head. I examined it in the light and found the letters "G. S." in monogram on the metal.

My discoveries were too portentous to be disclosed to so nervous a man as Uncle Stephen. I threw the cane as far as possible out of the window, closed the shutter and descended to the lower floor.

"Some tramp," said I. "He hasn't done any harm."

But my uncle spent half an hour in the loft looking for sparks and protected by his manservant, whom he



"THAT STICK BELONGS TO A BOSTON ACTOR."

greatly berated for having left the rear door of the barn unfastened. Meanwhile I went to the front of the house and found Celia still leaning upon the gate, but Mephistopheles had vanished.

From the evidence in my possession there was only one conclusion—Celia was involved in a nonsensical romance with a man who was highly objectionable to her parents. I was deeply grieved, for we were cousins. True, the tie of blood between us was as thin as a homeopathic thirty-second dilution, still I had always called her parents uncle and aunt and had thought of her as a member of my family. Such being the case, what was my natural duty—to find the man, lead him by the ears to the end of Long wharf and drop him overboard? That was at least my first impulse, yet I could not help feeling the need of a little more information before proceeding to execute a vengeance. I would wish to act in such a way as would serve Celia best. In order to act wisely I must get at the facts.

I was not prepared to believe that Asa and the unknown Romeo had been so overbold as to choose my uncle's barn as their dressing room. More probably the exchange of raiment had been made in a thick grove of spruces which stood in the field, and the invasion of the barn had been an afterthought of Asa's.

Upon this supposition the place to entrap the bogus Mephisto was the grove, and so I withdrew to that spot as secretly as possible and waited more than an hour in vain. Meanwhile the procession had formed in front of the town hall, and the air was shuddering at the music of the Bentonville band.

I emerged from my hiding place and intercepted the procession. Mephisto was not among its attractions, and his absence was a subject of comment. He appeared later in a manner sufficiently mysterious to match the part that he played, and I satisfied myself that he was the real Asa Colby this time. I did not dare to question him, for if he supposed that his harmless burglary of the barn was unsuspected he might keep still about it, whereas, if accused, he might attempt a too public justification.

My only real clew lay in the initials on the cane. They would not fit the name of any young man in that community; they puzzled me completely. And yet "G. S." must have been in Bentonville, for Celia had not been away within a year. Perhaps he had lodged at the Bentonville hotel, and upon this theory I approached the landlord of that place of entertainment and exhibited to him the cane, which I said I had found in the woods.

"That stick belongs to a Boston actor named Gilbert Seabury," said he. "Don't you take it up to your uncle's house. If you do he'll have a fit."

"Why?" I asked, with counterfeit surprise.

"Seabury was here a couple of weeks in June," he replied. "His folks live in Lynde"—a town about fifteen miles north of Bentonville. "He got to know your cousin Celia, and he was talking her head full of theatrical notions. She's a bit stage struck anyhow, you know. Your Aunt Anne got on to it, and—well, you know your Aunt Anne."

Here was a very serious situation indeed, and no doubt it was my duty to lay the whole case frankly before my aunt. Yet no man likes to do that sort of thing. I resolved to find out, first, whether Seabury was still in town, and so I spent the whole afternoon hunting for him, assisted by the landlord's description and my own view of the actor's clothes. By supper time I was convinced that he had gone away and that Celia was safe from his histrionic vaporings for the present.

There was to be a display of fireworks in the evening within the fort on the hill, a relic of English occupation in Revolutionary times. Celia had laid aside the vestments of Columbia and had appeared during the afternoon in a gown of white duck, which was very becoming. After supper, however, she clothed herself in a dark gray costume with a black hat.

I was seriously alarmed, for the plain implication to my mind was that Celia had chosen the gown most suitable for a journey. I resolved that she should not get out of my sight during the evening, but while we were sitting, with all Bentonville for company, upon the bank of the fort Celia suddenly disappeared.

With great caution I myself slipped away while a particularly vivid bomb was attracting the attention of my relatives and friends. I made the circuit of the great old earthwork, hoping to find Seabury lurking in some corner of the dry moat, but he was not there. I then increased the radius of my search and was rewarded by the discovery of a black horse and a light wagon in a little used road which runs back of the hill and joins the main highway leading out of town to the northward. So there was an elopement hidden in this mystery.

The horse was hitched to the fence by one of the reins. I tied him by the checkrein and removed the others altogether, unbuckling them from the bit. It was my intention to hide them under the seat, and my head was in the wagon when I became aware that some one was approaching.

My position was extremely favorable for concealment, and I waited. It was Celia alone who was coming. She was within five steps of the wagon before she perceived me; then by the light of one of the bombs, exploding high in air, we saw each other's face.

Well, there was a very strenuous scene, and Celia defended herself by all the arguments that romantic fiction supplies. This was the love of her life (at seventeen). Her career was before her and only stagnation and failure here. Should she bury her one talent in the earth? Mr. Seabury was not only a man of wonderful promise in his profession, but he was a man of honor.

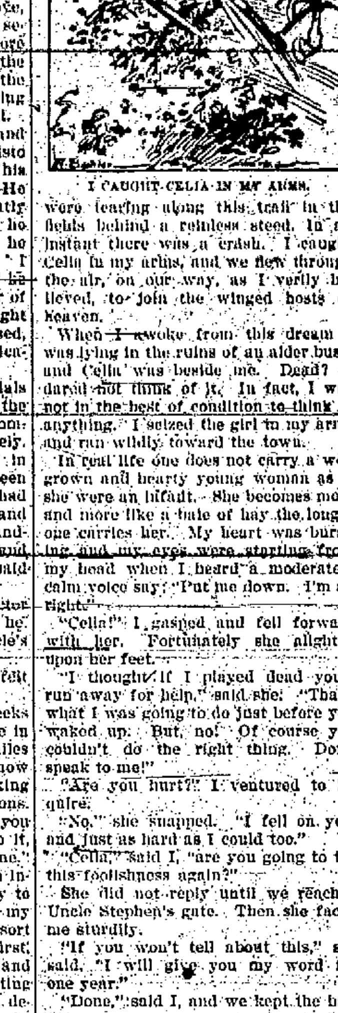
This and much more of the same sort. As to facts, they were to be married in Lynde that evening. Seabury had left the wagon there and was waiting at the junction of the highway.

"Ride with me to the road," said she. "Talk with Mr. Seabury. See for yourself that he is all that I have described him. Give me an opportunity of telling him that I have not shown the white feather."

This seemed not altogether unreasonable, though I would have preferred to talk with Seabury alone. I helped Celia into the wagon, while debating whether I should drive to the corner or across lots to the road at another spot.

I unhitched the horse and then remembered that I had unbuckled the reins from the bits. They were lying loose over the dashboard, and I walked back to get them.

There was a swishing sound and a sharp crack. Celia had struck the horse with the whip. He leaped ahead, and I barely succeeded in catching the back of the wagon with one hand. How I managed to climb aboard I have never been able to remember, but I arrived somehow, and Celia and I



I CAUGHT CELIA IN MY ARMS.

were tearing along this trail in the fields behind a reinless steed. In an instant there was a crash. I caught Celia in my arms, and we flew through the air, on our way, as I verily believed, to join the winged hosts of heaven.

When I awoke from this dream I was lying in the ruins of an alder bush, and Celia was beside me. Dead? I dared not think of it. In fact, I was not in the best of condition to think of anything. I seized the girl in my arms and ran wildly toward the town.

In real life one does not carry a well grown and hearty young woman as if she were an infant. She becomes more and more like a bale of hay the longer one carries her. My heart was bursting and my eyes were starting from my head when I heard a moderately calm voice say: "Put me down. I'm all right."

"Celia!" I gasped and fell forward with her. Fortunately she alighted upon her feet.

"I thought if I played dead you'd run away for help," said she. "That's what I was going to do just before you waked up. But, no! Of course you couldn't do the right thing. Don't speak to me!"

"Are you hurt?" I ventured to inquire.

"No," she snapped. "I fell on you, and just as hard as I could too."

"Celia," said I, "are you going to try this foolishness again?"

She did not reply until we reached Uncle Stephen's gate. Then she faced me sturdily.

"If you won't tell about this," she said, "I will give you my word for one year."

"Done," said I, and we kept the bargain.

Before the year was over she had wept at the news of Gilbert Seabury's marriage—his second, I believe—and then had very sensibly forgotten his existence.

Crusty.

The new stenographer's yellow hair glittered in the flood of sunlight that poured through the window of the office.

But old Duke, the bookkeeper, had no eyes for the girl's beauty. He lighted a cigar and set to work.

"Mr. Duke," said the stenographer.

"Huh?" the old man grunted.

"Look here," she said imperiously, "I am sorry, but smoking always makes me sick."

"Then," said Duke, without looking up, "don't ever smoke."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Irish Compliment.

An Irish gentleman said to an English officer, "Do you know Mr. X. of —?" The officer disclaimed having that pleasure. "Ah, he is a very nice fellow and a good friend of mine. But he has been dead these six years. An', shure, you're very like him!" The officer said he had been compared to a good many things in the course of his lifetime, but never before to a six-year-old corpse.—London Spectator.

THE MASAI OF AFRICA.

A Queer Race Where the Men Become Old at Thirty.

The young men of that African race, the Masai, are all warriors, theoretically, between the ages approximately of seventeen and twenty-seven. When in this stage they are known in their own language as el moran. They pull the head hair out to its greatest length, even sometimes twisting and plaiting fiber and string into their wool. The hair is then thickly coated with mutton fat and red clay and tied into perukes. All hair on the face and body is plucked out by iron tweezers. The skin is kept constantly lubricated with mutton fat mixed with red clay, but as a rule the body is not disagreeably oily, and this lubrication only has the result of giving a beautiful polish to their statuelike forms.

As regards the body there is probably no more beautifully formed type of man than the young Masai warrior. The face is sometimes in keeping with the body, but more often has a rather brutal aspect. The Masai are not pure negroes, but obviously received a very long while ago a slight infusion of Hamitic blood from races dwelling to the east of the White Nile. While they are in the young-man-warrior stage the Masai live principally on milk and on blood drawn from the veins of living cattle. They also occasionally eat the meat of oxen, goats or sheep.

When a Masai decides that he has had enough knocking about and has accumulated sufficient property on which to retire he decides to marry. This is usually about the age of twenty-seven to thirty. After marriage he shaves his head, or at any rate keeps the hair of his head very close cropped. He ceases to anoint himself with mutton fat and definitely ranges himself with the old men.

OCEAN ROPES.

A Marine Plant That Grows a Stem Three Hundred Feet Long.

The largest marine plant and probably one of the highest plants known on this globe is a gigantic seaweed, the nereocystis, the stem of which has been found to grow as much as 300 feet long. It was first discovered not far from the Alaskan coast, but has since been found floating in various parts of the Pacific ocean along the American and Asiatic shores. This seaweed grows in a very curious manner. Large quantities of it are found at a little distance from shore and at depths not exceeding 300 feet. On loamy bottoms large thickets of this plant take root, and a stem of the thickness of ordinary cord grows upward. At its top there is a pear shaped balloon, which grows with the stem, and when it reaches the surface of the water it often measures six feet and more in length, with a diameter of four feet six inches. This balloon has, of course, an upward tendency and keeps the stem growing until it floats on the surface of the water. From the top of this balloon a large tuft of strong, thick, spadelike leaves grow out, which originally are not more than two feet long and which grow and split until from the balloon a roselike growth of from fifty to sixty-five feet in diameter covers the water. This gigantic weed grows in such quantities that near the shore large meadowlike islands are formed, which impede navigation. The natives of the Aleutian islands make manifold usage of this plant. From their strong dried stems they make ropes 250 feet and more long, while balloons of this weed furnish them with large vessels after they are dried, the smaller ones being used in their boats to bail out water. The long leaves, after being dried, are cut into narrow strips and used for wickerwork, the making of baskets and similar furniture.

LAPP WOLF HUNTERS.

Swift Runners on Snowshoes Make Short Work of the Brutes.

The Swedish Lapps live entirely with, by and upon their reindeer. A Lapp who owns a thousand deer is a very rich man; but, as taxes are assessed upon the number of deer, he is inclined to underestimate his herd. The most dangerous enemy to the herd is the wolf, who, if so disposed, can kill thirty deer in a night. A band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor. When the snow is deep and soft and it is announced that wolf tracks have been seen in the neighborhood of the deer the swiftest runners on snowshoes prepare for an exciting chase. The wolf may have a start of a mile or two, but the track it leaves in the deep, soft snow is so prominent that the hunters can follow it at their best speed.

The wolf, though he may run fast, has but slight chance of escaping the short men who on snowshoes rush through the wood, dart down steep hills and jump from ledges several yards in height. Each hunter does his best to outrun the others, for the wolf belongs to the Lapp who strikes the first blow. As soon as the leading hunter is close enough to the wolf he gives it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong spiked snowshoe staff. If there are other wolves to be pursued, he kills it outright; if not, he disables it and waits till all the hunters arrive before giving the death stroke.

Fifth Monarchy Men.

The fifth monarchy men formed a religious sect that sprang up in the days of Charles I. of England. They were so called from the fact that they asserted that in the last days the four ancient monarchies, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Babylonian and the Roman, would be restored, and to them would be added a Christian monarchy, or fifth monarchy, of which Christ would be the king.

Awkward.

Master—What! Both want a holiday tomorrow? I can't spare you both at once. Mary, you can have tomorrow and John the next day. John—Thank you, sir, but we wanted to get married, and I'm afraid, sir, it can't be done that way, but I'll inquire.—London Answers.

BANANAS ARE TENDER.

They Are Easily Chilled and Easily Become Too Ripe.

"You would not believe how tender these bananas are," said a banana man the other day. "They are more tender than eggs. They will chill, in fact, at 52 degrees, that is, the green ones, while the ripe ones will stand a somewhat lower temperature.

"A chilled banana never ripens. While green a banana will bleed when bruised, exuding a juice approaching the color of the fruit when it is ripened. Under the influence of cold this sap becomes chilled and dried, and the life is out of the banana. After that it breaks like a stick and is of about as much value as a stick for the purpose for which bananas are usually bought.

"From the time the bananas are taken green from the trees till they are sent out by the wholesalers in a condition approaching ripeness, a period of nearly a month elapses. At the Central American plantations they are loaded on big scows by negroes, poled out to fruit steamers and carried up to New Orleans. They are unloaded also by negroes, who carry the bunches to the scales before placing them on the cars. The whole load, negro, bananas, and all, is weighed and the African weight deducted. The produce men buy the bananas by weight in New Orleans, though they sell them by the bunch here. From the time they leave the plantation till they are loaded on the fruit train is usually a period of about four or five days.

"A messenger who knows bananas from the stalk to the tarantula accompanies each train. He rides in the caboose, and he watches those bananas as a setting hen guards her eggs. The temperature in the car when they are loaded is usually from 60 to 70 degrees. Seventy, in fact, is a trifle too warm. The messenger is between two fires all the time, or, to put it more accurately, he is between heat and frost all the time. At 52 degrees the green bananas will chill, while a slightly lower temperature will absolutely ruin them. If a temperature of 70 or over be maintained throughout the journey of about fourteen days from New Orleans to the northwest, the fruit will arrive too soft and ripe and will very likely be worthless before it can reach the hands of the retailer.

"The fruit should reach here in a green condition, so as to require a few days in the ripening room before being placed on sale. This is a little room at the rear of the commission house in which the bananas are placed after their arrival. There an attempt is made to reproduce the warm, humid conditions of the Central American plantation. This effect is furnished by a little gas stove kept burning part of the time, over which is placed a pan of water to form the steam.

"Three to five days under these conditions usually place the fruit in shape to show to the retailer, who comes along the street with his eye peeled for the bright yellow color of the ripened bananas.

"For northern shipment the bananas are sent out in an unripe condition, wrapped in heavy manila paper, besides the straw wrapping, which is designed to protect them from bruising when sent out to the local trade. Some varieties are totally unsuited to northern shipment, as they would ripen too soon and be unfit for use before they reached the northern market.

"It is a remarkable fact in the case of ripened bananas that, though the cold will turn the skins a dark copper brown, giving them a repulsive appearance, the quality of the fruit, as far as flavor is concerned, is unimpaired. Notwithstanding this fact, the darkening of the color spoils their sale in the market, as they 'don't look good' to the uninitiated, and it is the outsider, after all, and not the commission man who eats them."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

POOR HANDWRITING.

One of the Causes That Downed Napoleon at Waterloo.

The nose of Cleopatra had a marked influence on the destinies of the ancient world. The handwriting of Napoleon I., we are assured by recent historians, had a similar effect upon the evolution of the modern world. He did not write; he scrawled. By reason of this, among other causes, he lost Waterloo. Grouchy could not read with exactness his decisive message. Was it "bataille engagee" (battle is on), or "bataille gagnee" (battle is won)?

Grouchy chose the latter significance and, not believing it necessary to press forward, arrived too late. So much for the curl of a letter, a pen stroke or an illegible swell to an "a."

This question was brought forward by the writing master of the elder Dumas.

"Remember, Alexandre," the master said to him, "the great defeat of the emperor was due only to his scrawling hand. If you wish to succeed in the world be careful of your heavy and your light strokes." So if Napoleon had known how to write legibly or if he had taken the trouble to do so his descendants would reign today in France and we should not have had the republic. It appears historically established today that Dumas' writing master was right. And on such slight things rests the fate of empires.—Cri de Paris.

Origin of Ox Tail Soup.

During the reign of terror in Paris in 1793 many of the nobility were reduced to starvation and beggary. The abattoirs sent their hides fresh to the tanneries without removing the tails, and in cleaning them the tails were thrown away. One of the noble beggars asked for a tail, and it was willingly given to him. He took it to his lodging and made (what is now famous) the first dish of ox tail soup. He told others of his good luck, and they annoyed the tanners so much that a price was put upon them.

Impatience.

In all evils which admit a remedy impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.—Johnson.

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HORSESHOE NG.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

Let the greatest athlete have dyspepsia and his muscles would soon fail. Physical strength is derived from food. If a man has insufficient food he loses strength. If he has no food he dies. Food is converted into nutrition through the stomach and bowels. It depends on the strength of the stomach to what extent food eaten is digested and assimilated. People can die of starvation who have abundant food to eat, when the stomach and its associate organs of digestion and nutrition do not perform their duty. Thus the stomach is really the vital organ of the body. If the stomach is "weak" the body will be weak also, because it is upon the stomach the body relies for its strength. And as the body, considered as a whole, is made up of its several members and organs, so the weakness of the body as a consequence of "weak" stomach will be distributed among the organs which compose the body. If the body is weak because it is ill-nourished that physical weakness will be found in all the organs—heart, liver, kidneys, etc. The liver will be torpid and inactive, giving rise to biliousness, loss of appetite, weak nerves, feeble or irregular action of heart, palpitation, dizziness, headache, backache and kindred disturbances and weaknesses.

Mr. Louis Para, of Quebec, writes: "For years after my health began to fail, my head grew dizzy, eyes pained me, and my stomach was sore all the time, while everything I would eat would seem to lie heavy like lead on my stomach. The doctors claimed that it was sympathetic trouble due to dyspepsia, and prescribed for me, and although I took their powders regularly yet I felt no better. My wife advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—and stop taking the doctor's medicine. She bought me a bottle and we soon found that I began to improve, so I kept up the treatment. I took on flesh, my stomach became normal, the digestive organs worked perfectly and I soon began to look like a different person. I can never cease to be grateful for what your medicine has done for me and I certainly give it highest praise."

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 28, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—S. S. Fry is having an addition built onto his Water street residence.

—Some $10 bargains in suits are offered by H. W. Rubin this week.

—A good gas well was drilled in on the G. W. King farm, East Smethport, last Sunday by the Crosby Gas Co.

—Harris Somers, the local magician, gave an exhibition at Eldred last night for the benefit of the Trinity Guild.

—The Pennsylvania railroad advertises in this issue cheap rate excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May and other seashore resorts.

—With celebrations at Port Allegany, Eldred and Hazelhurst and races at Olean the people of this vicinity should be able to find plenty of amusement on the Fourth.

—All roads will lead to Port Allegany next Wednesday. The committee who have charge of the celebration have arranged a fine program of events and all visitors to Canoe Place are assured a day of fun.

—The editor of the Potter Enterprise had several fine chickens stolen from his hennery last week. He has our sympathy in this hour of bereavement, but as we haven't got the chickens we can't help him further.

—Four Italians were having a poker game in Trenton the other day, using a stick of dynamite to bolster up the table which had a short leg. All stayed and one fellow slapped his money down with a bang. The dynamite raised them and the undertaker took the pot, says an exchange.

—Barton Kent, Mark Kent and Wallace Bixby of Galeton, have been arraigned before United States Commissioner Stebbins for making and passing counterfeit money—silver coin. They were brought here by John E. Washer of Pittsburg of the U. S. Secret Service. They were held for trial.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Commodore C. Cornelius, the cigar manufacturer, stole a march on his [illegible] friends and hiked himself over into York State, where he was united in marriage to Miss Thompson of Bradford. The ceremony was performed at Little Valley, N. Y., by Rev. Sartwell of the M. E. church, on Wednesday, June 20.—Kane Republican.

Made the Bear Work.

Bill Whiters uses his wit to save his strength. During a camping trip in the Maine woods Bill was easily the laziest man in the party. Finally his exasperated comrades told him that if he did not kill something besides time they would pack him off home. The next morning Bill borrowed a rifle and went up the mountains. Two hours later the [illegible] saw Bill running [illegible] as fast as he could [illegible] him was a bear. The men watched the chase with bated [illegible] turned and shot the bear. When the men could stop laughing one of them said: "Bill, what on earth possessed you to run that distance with the bear so close when you might have killed him on the hill and saved your breath?" Bill smiled slowly. "What's the use of killing a bear in the mountains and lugging him in when you can run him in?" he asked.—Boston Herald.

Moors Consider Us Dirty.

A habit of our own which we consider far more cleanly than eating with our fingers is looked upon by the Moors as filthy—that is, washing our hands or face in a basin and, still more, taking a bath where the water is not running. The cleaner we become, they say, the dirtier the water we are washing with must necessarily become, and eventually we step forth as cleansed from water which is no longer clean. A Moor to wash his hands has the water poured from a vessel over them and never by any chance dips them into the dirty water. The same way in their baths. The water is thrown over their bodies out of bright brass bowls and flows away through holes in the marble of the floor.—Modern Society.

The Harvard Cross.

The iron cross burnished with gold which is over one of the entrances to the Harvard college library (Gore hall) was at the time of the 1745 siege of Louisburg taken from a Catholic chapel there and brought to Massachusetts as one of the spoils of victory. In 1877 Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard college library, found it in the cellar of the library and had it gilded and placed in the position which it now occupies.

Daring and Dexterous.

For a feat of dexterity and nerve it would be difficult to surpass that of the Bosjesman of South Africa, who walks quietly up to a puff adder and deliberately sets his bare foot on its neck. In its struggles to escape and attempts to bite its assailant the poison gland secretes a large amount of the venom. This is just what the Bosjesman wants. Killing the snake, he eats the body and uses the poison for his arrows.

Ants Kill a Rattler.

A hunter tells an interesting story of the way in which a colony of red ants put to death a rattlesnake which dared to disturb their abode. He was out hunting when he saw the rattler and started to put a load of shot into the reptile when he noticed that it was headed straight for an ant hill of unusual size and waited to watch the proceedings. It had hardly got halfway across the mound when a big red ant hastened to the attack and sank his nippers into the snake's body. In less than two minutes he was joined by the whole colony, which practically covered the whole body of the rattler, each one sinking its scissors-like blades into the intruder's body. The snake began to thrash and squirm, but the ants held on like bulldogs. The rattler's fury grew so great that he sank his fangs into his own body, then straightened out after a few more convulsive efforts to get away and was dead in less than ten minutes after the first ant had mounted his body.—Kansas City Journal.

Should Have Been Put Otherwise.

An esteemed Perthshire minister was visiting a burly parishioner suffering from the "mulligrubs," or "Emle Lindsay." The strong man was intensely irritated at being attacked by disease, and he greeted his minister thus: "Weel, Mossjohn, I thocht ye wad never come. I ken ye are busy wi' thinkin' whatna fresh notion ye can gie huz on the Sawbath, and I ken ye maunding for brains as I jalouse by readin' a' the bit bookies ye can come by to hae a crap o' profitable notions for a'body. Sit ye doon, sir, in the big chair, and, Janet, gie Mr. Pottedhead a whang o' gouda cheese, a souple scone and the grunds o' the greybeard. The bite and sup will keep his hoast, puir stock. Noo, sir, it's baith lamentable and awfu', but this is the first illness I have ever had in a' my born days. I tell ye, my first illness!" "Well," replied the minister, in a voice meant to be plangent with suppressed emotion, "I most earnestly hope it may be your last."—Dundee Advertiser.

Honeymoon Reading.

The house had quieted after the wedding. Mother and Aunt Mary were in the parlor talking it over.

"So it's over," said Aunt Mary, smiling into mother's eyes.

"Yes," said mother bravely, although a little tearfully, "it's over—and begun."

"They'll be happy, I'm sure."

"Yes. They are very well suited to each other."

"Very. I could see that. They both have studious habits."

"Yes. But, Mary"—mother paused, and the gleam of mischief evoked by Aunt Mary sooner than anybody else darted into her eyes—"Mary, they can't have much sense of humor, though it's my own girl, I say it."

"Why not?"

"Do you know what she took to read on their wedding journey? Stevenson's 'Travels With a Donkey.'"—Tit-Bits.

Give Your Horse More Water.

Water should be before horses at all times when indoors, and at least no meal should ever be offered and no night lights ever turned out until every animal has had his chance at as many brimming buckets as he will take, says the Outing Magazine. The shy drinker may be tempted by many artifices, like mixing a little molasses, or salt, or oatmeal, or flaxseed jelly, or bran, etc., with the water, and constantly varying the flavor. Horses may even have all they want right after feeding, provided they have not been deprived of water for some time previous. Many shy drinkers, like shy feeders, who are generally nervous, take all nourishment best at night, when it is dark and quiet, and morning finds the empty manger and bucket which it had seemed by day almost nauseated them.

Nelson In Wolsey's Tomb.

Lord Nelson's sarcophagus in St. Paul's cathedral has been aptly described as a secondhand national tomb, for it was originally constructed for another great Englishman, Cardinal Wolsey. Wolsey had cherished an ambition to be buried within the precincts of Windsor castle and caused his sarcophagus to be carved by one of the most famous sculptors of his time. But Wolsey died in disgrace, and the sarcophagus remained empty at Windsor until Nelson's death, when it was thriftily employed to hold the remains of the hero of Trafalgar.

Old Time Punishment.

In "Pike's History of Crimes," volume 1, page 226, is found the following copy of the sentence of an old time traitor: "It is the order of the court that for your treason you be drawn and hanged and beheaded and that your heart, bowels and entrails, from whence come your traitorous thoughts, be torn out and burned to ashes and that the ashes be scattered to the four winds and that your body be afterward cut into four quarters."

A Disintegrated Group.

"What did the girl do when her father discovered them eloping?"

"She burst into tears."

"What did the young man do?"

"Oh, he went all to pieces."

"What did the old man do?"

"He? Why, he exploded with rage and blew them both up."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Just the Thing.

Young Lady (to clerk in bookstore)—I am looking for something suitable for an old gentleman, who has been married fifty years. Can you suggest something? Clerk (promptly)—"A Half Century of Conflict."—Life.

No Disguise.

Husband (admiringly)—There's no use trying to disguise the fact that you are smarter than I am, my dear. Wife (complacently)—The fact, my love, has never been in disguise among those who know us.

Diaries.

If the people who keep diaries are wise they never put into them the things that would make them most interesting to other people in the years to come.—Boston Globe.

Their Absence Explained.

During an acrimonious debate in the house shortly before the civil war Mr. Potter of Wisconsin made some very sharp strictures on Mr. Pryor of Virginia. The result was a challenge from Pryor to fight a duel, which Potter promptly accepted, naming as terms bowie knives at five paces—terms which he well knew Pryor would not dare to accept, as he was a small man, while Potter was a large, powerful man and familiar with the use of the bowie knife. Pryor declined on the ground that the proposed terms were beneath the dignity of a gentleman to accept, and so the matter ended. But on the day following the challenge, while the result was still unknown, both Potter and Pryor were absent during roll call, and when Potter's name was called a Quaker member rose and in mild voice said, "Mr. Speaker, I am informed that the gentleman from Wisconsin had a prior engagement." And when Pryor's name was called a moment later he rose again, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I hear that the gentleman from Virginia has gone to be as clay in the hands of the Potter."

Double Thinking.

Professor Jastrow, writing in the Popular Science Monthly of the causes of certain lapses of speech, recalls the singular power that Sir Walter Scott, among others, possessed of conducting two trains of thought at the same time. When highly developed this power enables its possessor subconsciously to find words expressing a thought already formed while at the same time shaping the next thought period in conscious preparation. An instance is given by Scott's amanuensis, who relates that while dictating the novelist would sometimes search through a book, finding and reading a passage, and thus keeping two trains of thoughts going simultaneously. The amanuensis discovered the fact that Scott was doing double work in his brain through the occasional occurrence in the dictation of a word which did not fit in the sentence, but four or five lines further on the place where the word belonged would turn up.

Candlelight.

Hail, candlelight, without disparagement to the sun or moon, the kindliest luminary of the three, if we may not style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon! We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep by candlelight. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. By the midnight taper the writer digests his meditations. By the same light we must approach to their perusal if we would catch the flame, the odor. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's "Morning Hymn In Paradise" we would hold a good wager was penned at midnight, and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even now a loftier speculation than we have attempted courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the solar system. "Betty, bring the candles."—Charles Lamb.

A Useless Model.

An English manufacturer of pottery is the subject of a joke told in the Liverpool Post. While on a continental tour he purchased a Sevres vase for some hundreds of pounds and brought it home most carefully. Thinking that the foreman of his works might gather a hint from the design he called that gentleman in and showed him the treasure. "How do you like it?" he asked. The foreman took the vase in his hand, turned it over and returned it, with the brief reply, "I don't think I can learn much from it." "Why not?" asked the manufacturer. "I don't like telling you, sir." "Come, out with it." "Well, I designed that vase myself. It is a foreign imitation of our own work and is worth £5 at the outside."

Will Row Till Judgment Day.

There is a shivery, shaky legend among the people who live along the Hudson river which is to the effect that that stream is the everlasting boating waters of a specter who is personified as Ramhout Van Dam. Away back in colonial times Ramhout and his friends were drinking until late at night. Finally this man Ramhout started for home, some distance up the river, in his boat, swearing that he would row the distance if it took "a month of Sundays." Ramhout never reached home, and the superstitious people say that he has been condemned to row till judgment day.

His Daughter.

A gentleman who was once stopped by an old man begging replied, "Don't you know, my man, that fortune knocks once at every man's door?"

"Yes," said the old man, "he knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since then he has sent his daughter."

"His daughter?" replied the gentleman. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Fortune."

The Unusual Way.

"Do the Blanks manage to keep up appearances since they lost the greater part of their fortune?"

"No. They don't bother about appearances. They just use what little money they have to make themselves comfortable."—Detroit Free Press.

A Change.

Old Gentleman (pointing to lanky youth at his side in the train car)—How much for this boy—half fare, I suppose? Conductor—Well, no. He looks as if he were kept on half fare at home, and needs a change. Full fare, please.—London Answers.

His New Vocation.

"John's home from college?"

"Yes."

"What's he goin' to do now?"

"Well, 'twixt you an' me I think he's jest about decided to loaf around an' be one o' these here incomprehensible geniuses!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Precisely Located.

"Where were the kings of England crowned?" was the question on an examination paper.

"On their heads," wrote a boy in the space left for the answer.

Medicine.

Throw out opium, said Dr. Holmes, which the Creator himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in the cornfields, as if it were foreseen that wherever there is hunger to be fed there must also be pain to be soothed; throw out a few specifics which our art did not discover and is hardly needed to apply; throw out wine, which is a food, and the vapors which produce the miracle of anaesthesia, and I firmly believe that if the whole materia medica as now used could be sunk to the bottom of the sea it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.

The shortest system of medical practice that I know of is the oldest, but not the worst. It is older than Hippocrates, older than Chiron the Centaur. Nature taught it to the first mother when she saw her firstborn child putting some ugly pebble or lurid berry into its mouth. I know not in what language it was spoken, but I know that in English it would sound thus: "Spit it out!"

Lowell's Motto.

In a eulogy which appeared in the Century Magazine just after Lowell's death are these words: "This is Lowell's legacy as a patriot, not the sentiment, 'My country, right or wrong,' but 'My country—it shall never be wrong if I can help it.'"

No man likes to be surpassed by men of his own level.—Livy.

THE LIVER QUARANTINE

[illegible] HIS MEALS OUT.

¶Hurried eating has ruined many a man's stomach. The digestion-destroying process is gradual, often unnoticed at first, but it is only a short time until the liver balks, the digestive organs give way, and almost countless ills assail the man who endeavors to economize time at the expense of his health.
¶A torpid liver causes a quarantine of the entire system. It locks in the diseased germs and body poisons and affords them full play, inviting some serious illness.
¶In families where August Flower is used, a sluggish liver and constipation are unknown, so are all stomach ailments, as well as indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, headaches and kidney and bladder affections. No well-regulated family should be without this standard remedy.
¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Explanations

are often highly unsatisfactory. Ask a tinker why he charged usual prices for a botch job of plumbing and he is dumb. Discharge the tinker and hire us. Our

Plumbing Work

is high grade, stands closest inspection and is as cheap as others. Material used, like our work, is A1. Get us for spring plumbing and have it done right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

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And then go to
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Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
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TRY US FOR
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CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC.
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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

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Cards, not exceeding one inch, $1.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 28, 1906.

ALICE and Nick are having a fine time abroad.

FIVE Toledo ice men have been fined $5,000 each and sentenced to one year in the work house for conspiring in restraint of trade. This is another stiff slap at the trusts under Republican administration.

KANSAS is sending the strongest appeal of her history for men to work in the harvest fields. At least 25,000 more men than are in sight now will be needed, and desperate measures will be taken to draft men into the service behind the self binders.

A BILL has been passed which allows the President not to exceed $25,000 per year for traveling expenses. The amount is not to exceed his actual expenses and in no case is it to be over that amount per year. The bill should have been passed long ago.

KING HAAKON and Queen Maude were crowned respectively King and Queen of Norway at Trondhjim on Friday last. The royal party left the palace at 11:05 a. m. and entered the cathedral six minutes later. The coronation ceremony began immediately after their arrival. The crowning of his majesty was completed at 12:15 p. m. The coronation of the queen began at 12:20 and was completed at 12:35 p. m. They are said to be very popular with their subjects.

IN the United States district court at Kansas City last Friday, Judge Smith McPherson of Red Oak, Ia., passed sentence upon the seven defendants recently convicted in this court of making concessions and accepting and conspiring to accept rebates on shipments. Judgments in the nature of fines were assessed as follows: Swift & Co., $15,000; Cudahy Packing Co., $15,000; Armour Packing Co., $15,000; Nelson Morris & Co., $15,000; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, $15,000. George L. Thomas of New York was fined $6,000 and sentenced to four months in the penitentiary. L. B. Taggart of New York was fined $4,000 and sentenced to three months in the penitentiary.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 25, 1906.

Now that the type of canal to be built at Panama has been settled, it would seem that there is nothing in the way of quick action. The President is reported to have told the Commission, "Now cut loose and dig." This is what the whole country will be expecting of them, and with all the money that has been spent in preparation, and this country has not been niggardly, it would seem that the real work ought to go on. There is one serious contingency. The railroad interests are as much opposed to the canal as ever. They cannot hope to defeat it in the long run, but there are ways still in which they can obstruct and delay. They may be depended on to hamper appropriations whenever they can, to gouge the government all they can when it comes to selling supplies, for the same men who control the great trans-continental roads are the dominant factors in the great industries from which the Canal Commission will have to draw its supplies. They will also be on the lookout always for the least breath of scandal in the management or the disbursements in Panama. And if they could only stir up a scandal and a long-winded official inquiry into doings on the Isthmus, it would suit their purpose and hinder the work more effectually than anything else. Little doubt is expressed at the War Department however that the work is in such shape that it can now be pushed effectually. And it is believed that the organization is such that it will produce the best results from a reasonable expenditure.

In all probability the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation into the coal and oil carrying roads is concluded for the summer. After hearing the last of this week Mr. Jas. G. Gardner of the Erie Railroad, the Commission adjourned the hearings without fixing a day for resumption. This was taken to mean that there would be no more hearings till fall. For the past three months the Commission has had to largely neglect its regular work while carrying out the mandate of the Tillman-Gillespie joint resolution, and it has accumulated plenty of evidence to keep it busy all summer collating and arranging it in form for a report. Some of the conditions that have been revealed have been scandalous. There has been all sorts of graft and crookedness discovered among officials both high and low.

But the last witness heard, Mr. Gardner, said a word for the railroad ownership of coal lands that was one of the most important said on that side during the entire hearing. He pointed out that the very existence of a railroad depended on its fuel supply, first on having a steady supply and then on getting it at the lowest figure so as to curtail the heaviest of all its operating expenses. He added some "hot air" on the subject of the public getting the benefit of the saving in this direction, but that question is rather beside the mark. What he did point out however was that the road he represented as a coal expert owned and operated four coal companies and made no secret of it. They were able to draw from these mines about half of the three million tons used annually. He said that without them, the road would be almost crippled and that they were looking for more coal lands and would buy them as soon as they could get hold of them. He pointed out further that the road's coal consumption was growing all the time and that if it kept up at the present rate, they would in the course of the next generation be using 10,000,000 tons of coal yearly and that by this time the present mines would be about worked out. He said therefore that the ownership of coal lands by railroads, for fuel purposes at least, was justifiable and that it was a necessity that would have to be reckoned within framing any law on the subject.

Beside the coal and oil report that the President and the next Congress will have on their hands, there will be also the question of what shall be done with or to the Standard Oil Company. The whole of a long cabinet meeting toward the end of this week was devoted to the consideration of this problem. It has been known for a long time that the Department of Justice has been taking steps in view of Commissioner Garfield's oil report looking to the prosecution of the Standard under the Elkins law or the Sherman law or both. It was generally expected when the cabinet meeting was over that the Attorney General would have some statement to make on the subject of the expected prosecutions, that is whether he would or whether he would not prosecute. But he said that he would have to give the matter further consideration before making a statement, and the matter had to go over.

It has been definitely settled that the President will leave for Oyster Bay within two days after Congress adjourns. He has had a strenuous winter and a more strenuous spring and he is about tired out or as near to it as such a glutton for work ever gets. The Roosevelt children are already safe at the summer home under the care of the governess and the servants, and the President will follow them with Mrs. Roosevelt as soon as he can rid himself of the national legislature.

The appropriation bills are nearing completion, but the *House* persistently stuck to its resolution not to sanction the new $10,000,000 battleship till it had more definite information on which to proceed. And the matter has been allowed to go over till next year when the Secretary of the Navy will present detailed plans for the great fighting machine.

Mrs. Darius Simpson Dead.

Mrs. Darius Simpson died Saturday evening, June 16, after a five weeks' illness, at her home in Turtle Point. Lydia Ann Bellows was born in Port Allegany February 22, 1843. On April 11, 1867, she was married to Darius Simpson. To them were born eight children: S. Jane, of Salt Lake City, Utah; Mortimer S., of Bielitz, Austria; Karl Duke, who died in January, 1880; Dr. L. D., of Shinglehouse; Mrs. Geo. M. Valsing, Mrs. L. C. Knapp, Lulu, Winifred and J. Pitt, of Turtle Point. Funeral services were held at Turtle Point Monday, followed by burial at Annin Creek.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 23, 1906:

Mrs. Ella Brockton, Mrs. Arthur Cohen, George Dowling, Hassen & Heiline, Mrs. Mildred McCombie, B. C. Mulhurn, W. Shores, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Andrew Walker, C. R. Weed. Foreign—Francesco Giardano.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Wanted.

Every family having poultry to establish an agency at their home and sell a vermin powder. Sells for 25c per can. Our price $1 for 10 cans. No vermin on poultry or animals can live where used. Hot weather breeds lice and disease quickly. Hens stop laying and little chicks and turkeys die from the effects of vermin. Send $1 and get started. All orders shipped promptly. A boy or girl should sell 20 cans in a few hours, daily. Get your children started selling and teach them to do business. You can order in larger quantities, if desired at 10c per can. Vermin Powder Co., Box 566, Scranton, Pa.

Summer Sunday Excursions on P., S. & N. R. R.

Commencing Sunday June 24, 1906, tickets will be sold each Sunday until September 30, 1906, inclusive, from Smethport to Olean and Riverhurst at rate of $.75 for the round trip. Tickets limited to date of sale. Train leaves 8:12 a. m. Special low rates to all other points to which Sunday trains are scheduled. For further particulars see hand bills or inquire of agents. Jos. T. Odell, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Marys, Pa. Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Homeseekers Rates via Nickle Plate Road.

Lowest round trip Homeseekers' rates to the west, northwest and southwest are offered by the Nickle Plate Road the first and third Tuesday of each month. Write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES,
Smethport, Pa.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,182.24
January 1, 1905	9,158	11,808.70
April 1, 1905	13,317	49,253.88
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,899.99
August 1, 1905	19,018	100,807.66
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,540.01
October 1, 1905	21,980	138,860.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,278.60
December 1, 1905	25,475	189,859.90
January 1, 1906	27,255	222,918.53

Claims Paid to Date, $36,343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
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No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
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People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

During the warm weather you will find no difficulty in keeping cool if you go about it right. You must dress for this weather. The expense will be light if you buy at the right place. Call and see us regarding it. We now have a large assortment of wash suits in all the popular summer goods, both white and colors, made up in neat and attractive styles. Any price you wish.

A new lot of the popular short sleeve shirt waists just in.

We are now showing the latest and most beautiful creations in early summer millinery.

Don't forget that we are selling coats at a great reduction.

Now is the time to prepare for the summer while our stock is complete.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

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COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House,
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Black Coffee
10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

"Adam had the earth at one time; let his experience be a general warning."

He wouldn't have wanted the "apple" if he had had some of our

Good Fresh Cereals

for breakfast. That was his misfortune. To avoid his experience go to

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Next to Bank.

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Puffed Rice, Mapl-Flake, Shredded Wheat, Egg-O-See, Grape Nuts, Cream of Wheat, Force, Apitezo, Pettijohn, Mother's, Quaker and Banner Oats.

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Men's Suits that will fit, wear and satisfy our customers at

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See our display of Suits going at

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10 & 15c **Ladies Home Journal Patterns** 10 & 15c

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On and after this date until further notice I will sell all goods in my store at a discount of 10 per cent to reduce stock; flour, sugar and butter excepted.

My stock of merchandise is complete in every particular, and this is a rare opportunity for cash buyers.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 25, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Never Before Have We Shown Such Shirt Waist Values.

1 lot Tucked Lawn Waists, 34 to 44 in size, at 59c
1 lot Tucked Lace Trimmed Fine Lawn Waists at 69c
1 lot Waists Dotted Swiss, short sleeves, at $1.75
1 lot Peter Pan Waists special for Saturday at $1.25
1 lot $1.48 Suit Cases
Your choice Saturday only at 98c

These cases are our regular $1.50 cases and none will be reserved at the price. BUY YOURS SATURDAY.

The Lindholm Co.

BUG-DEATH
TRADE MARK

BUG DEATH

A most excellent food plant.

Pat. March 16 and Nov. 9, 1897.
Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897,
and Jan. 25, 1900.

Sure death to potato, squash and cucumber bugs, current, Gooseberry, tomato worms, etc.

Prevents Blight.

For rose bushes, house plants and all shrubs it has no equal.

Harmless to Animals

Safe to Handle

H. H. REDFIELD,

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 28, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Tagless dogs are numerous.

—Read Holmes & Gilfillan's new ad.

—Kane is at the top of the Interstate league.

—Mt. Jewett vs. Smethport at Kane Field, July 4, at 10 a. m.

—The is-it-hot enough-for-you fiend is working overtime at present.

—Work on the foundations of St. Elizabeth's church and parsonage is progressing rapidly.

—The annual reunion of the 16th Regiment, Spanish war veterans, will be held in Bradford in August.

—D. C. Young is getting ready for inventory and his space to-day offers a 10% discount on most all goods.

—James McGuire, the popular proprietor of the Grand Central, is having the front of that hostelry repainted.

—J. A. Hall of Fulton street presented this office with a beautiful bouquet Tuesday morning, for which we extend thanks.

—Bradford is to receive a government appropriation of $25,000 for a federal building. It is not likely that it will be erected this year.

—Miss Mayme Dwyer of Port Allegany, well-known in Smethport, and Mr. Thomas Dolan of Sheffield were married last week.

—A number of Mt. Jewett fans attended the game Tuesday. They are enthusiastic rooters and helped much to keep up the interest.

—A Galeton man one day recently caught a brook trout that measured 22½ inches and weighed four and one-half pounds when dressed.

—That Roulette, Potter county, is growing is evidenced by the fact that at least twenty houses will be erected in that village this summer.

—One of the prisoners that recently escaped from the Tioga county jail at Wellsboro had made his escape from that institution on three previous occasions.

—That old and almost forgotten fake, the lightning rod swindler, has appeared in Lycoming county, and several farmers have been caught for sums ranging from $250 to $400.

—Miss Florence Boyd, a teacher in the Port Allegany school, died at Galeton last week. She was aged about 23 years, and was a most estimable and popular young lady.

—The excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls over the Pennsylvania railroad on Tuesday was quite liberally patronized from the local station.

—The annual convention of the McKean County Sabbath School Association will be held in the M. E. church of this place on September 9 and 10.

—Mr. William Milks of East Randolph, N. Y., and Miss Winifred Woods of Bradford were united in marriage at the bride's home Tuesday evening.

—A tin shower was given to Miss Matilda Ellingsfeld by the young ladies 500 club last Thursday evening at the home of Miss Tavin Raymer on South street.

—Peter Nelson, a prominent Swedish resident of Kane, died of cancer last Wednesday evening, aged 58 years. He is survived by a family of eleven children, including Mrs. Minnie Runm of this place.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, July 1st, the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Services on Friday, 29th inst, (St. Peter's Day) at 8 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—The Bradford Gun Club held a very interesting shoot at their grounds at Foster Brook on Tuesday and Wednesday. Many famous shots were present and both the professionals and amateurs did some clever work.

—Mr. John Riddell and Miss Jennie Anderson of Smethport were married in Olean on Wednesday of last week. They will live in Eldred where the groom holds the position of blacksmith at the Eldred Window Glass factory.

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory and the Smethport Window glass factory will close down for the summer next Saturday. This has been a very successful season at these plants and it is quite probable that work will be resumed early in the fall.

—Criminal court in McKean county last week resulted in framing up material for an Italian necktie party. The "best man" is an acknowledged leader in black hand society and the affair is bound to make a date in history for our sister county.—Austin Autograph.

—Roswell Sartwell, accompanied by his father, T. L. Sartwell, went to Bradford Tuesday, where he underwent an operation, having the second finger on his left hand amputated at the third joint. The bone was found to be diseased and it was found necessary to treat the hand, so it is uncertain just how long he will have to remain at the hospital, although the last reports say he is getting along nicely.—Eldred Eagle. Roswell's many friends in this borough tender sympathy and hope that a speedy recovery may follow.

—Floyd Kroh, who was a pitcher for the Coudersport ball team last season and who has been doing some good work for the Albany State League team this season, has been sold to the Boston Americans. He will remain with Albany, however, for the balance of the season.—Bradford Era.

—Owing to a disagreement over the double umpire system at Mt. Jewett last Saturday afternoon, the game between Mt. Jewett and Derrick City was declared off. It is said the Mt. Jewett players would not sanction the double umpire idea, which led the Derrick City team to quit the field.

—Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will speak on the topic, "The Anglo-Saxon, the Slav or the Mongolian?" Sunday evening the preaching service will begin at 7:45 instead of 8 o'clock as heretofore, the evening service will be largely musical as it will be devoted to the "New Hymnal."

—The Baptist church will not hold preaching services Sunday mornings during the months of July and August but the regular preaching services Friday evenings will continue as usual. The announcements for Sunday are Sunday school at 12 m., Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m. and preaching by the pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware, at 8 p. m.

—The Smethport and Mt. Jewett baseball teams will cross bats at Kane Field on July 4, at 10 o'clock. Although the home team have lost two scalps at the hands of the Mountaineers they are undaunted and will endeavor to redeem themselves next Wednesday. Stay in town next Wednesday and turn out and "root" for our team. They are deserving of a good crowd.

—The MINER has been informed on reliable authority that the clever lightning rod swindle has been worked in this county this week and that no less than four farmers in this locality have fallen prey to the seductive bunco and are now poorer but wiser men. This article is published as a warning for all to keep on the look out for these lightning rod fellows and shun their company.

—A company has been organized at Mt. Jewett the purpose of which is to manufacture the Corell tie, a combination metal and vitrified clay tie. The officers of the company are: President, John Lusher; secretary, H. S. Rogers; treasurer, M. J. Gallup; directors, John Lusher, A. F. Redfoot, E. C. Palmer, G. H. Boyd, E. C. McMahon, O. M. Burdick, H. S. Rogers, H. J. Corell, C. J. Bagley and M. J. Gallup.

—George Hamm, a civil war veteran living near Frogtown, Clarion county, was seriously burned the other night while trying to save a battle flag from flames which destroyed his home. His efforts were futile and the flag was consumed. Hamm served as color sergeant of the 78th Regt., Pennsylvania Volunteers. The flag was a present to the regiment from Governor Curtin and had been torn into ribbons by the Confederate bullets.

—Mr. George J. Richie of Smethport and Miss Margaret Irene Mulvaney of Sartwell were united in marriage with a nuptial mass by Rev. Father J. F. Dugan at the Swedish Lutheran church at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning in the presence of only the immediate relatives. The witnesses to the ceremony were Frank Mulvaney and Miss Ella Mulvaney, brother and sister of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Richie will reside in Smethport.

—The laying of the corner stone of the new St Elizabeth's church will occur on Tuesday, July 10, at 2:30 o'clock. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzmaurice of Erie, who is in Europe, the exercises will be presided over by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. J. Sheridan, V. G., of Oil City, and the orator of the occasion is to be Rev. Father Wiersbinski of Tidioute. These services will be attended by a large concourse of people and the railroads will offer reduced rates. A dinner will be served at the Lyceum at noon to which an invitation is extended to all.

Coryville Items.

The Coryville grange will confer the third and fourth degrees on a class this evening.

The grangers of Coryville are getting ready to celebrate the Fourth with a basket picnic and fireworks in the evening. All are welcome.

The invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Libbie Cory to Mr. Leroy Waldo of Meadville.

Tuesday, June 17, Mr. Bronk left his horse in front of the store and went in to get some necessary articles. An auto came along, frightening the horse which ran away. The milk can was tipped out and the buggy and harness were broken. The horse was caught about a half mile away.

Lowell Rice was operated upon for an abcess on the side by Drs. Clark and Hamilton of Smethport and Benninghoff of Bradford. He is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams and daughters Hazel and Lillian, of Jamestown are visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cory.

Last Wednesday a very pretty home wedding occurred at the home of George Rice in Kent Hollow, when his daughter, Nellie, was married to Mr. Yetto Tyler of Farmers Valley. They have the best wishes of many friends.

Do you want a good lawn swing? We are closing out our line at cost. They are O. K. Price $6.00. Holmes & Gilfillan.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No, 8, Smethport, Pa.

Personal Mention.

C. B. Corwin had business in Bradford Monday.

Miss Emma Dantley is a Buffalo visitor this week.

George Gerritt is in Buffalo on business this week.

Miss Eva Hopper of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Hussey and grandson visited Bolivar friends Sunday.

Charles Liebel spent Sunday with friends in Silver Lake, N. Y.

Mrs W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town yesterday.

Paul, Misses Lois and Hazel Green are visiting in Buffalo this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Todd of Port Allegany are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. F. W. Hussey and children are visiting her mother in Colegrove this week.

Dr. W. P. Burdick was down from Mt. Jewett Tuesday to witness the ball game.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and daughter, Miss Rita, are the guests of Bradford friends.

Miss Myrtle Hinman is attending the commencement exercises at Edinboro this week.

Mrs. W. H. Miller and two children have gone to New York where she will live in the future.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett are visiting at the home of Homer M. Choate.

Charles E. McCoy returned last Saturday from Cornell college, where he graduated last week.

Mrs. T. F. Hungiville and daughters, Misses Margaret and Edna, are visiting friends in Mt. Jewett.

Miss Violet Campbell has gone to Perry, N. Y., where she will spend the summer with relatives.

Harry Sasse has returned from Cleveland, Ohio, where he has been attending college for the past year.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick returned Tuesday from a brief stay in New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe left yesterday for Whitesville, N. Y., to attend the Chapin family reunion.

Mrs. D. Bell of Buffalo is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hall of Fulton street.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and children and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman and daughter are in Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. George Neil and children, Mrs. Schenck and daughters, Julia and Essie, left to-day for Sandusky, O.

Miss Mayme Dibble, a former teacher in our schools, who is now a teacher at Passaic, N. J., is visiting friends in town.

Paul Drown of Ellicottville, N. Y., who has been visiting relatives in town, returned home Monday. He was accompanied by Kenneth Mayo.

Miss Harriet Potter, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. William Hafner for the past two weeks, has returned to her home in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Grabe and Dr. and Mrs. Urban, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin, have returned to their home in Bradford.

Orlo J. Hamlin, Scott P. Redfield and J. L. Morrison returned Saturday evening from a week's visit to Geneva, N. Y. The trip was made in Mr. Redfield's automobile.

Mrs. G. W. Mitchell, daughter, Miss Lucy, Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and Mrs. W. H. Morrison and son, Allen, were in Kennedy, N. Y., this week attending the wedding of a relative.

Waldo-Cory.

The wedding of Mr. Samuel Waldo of Meadville, Pa., and Miss Elizabeth Cory of Coryville was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cory, at high noon Wednesday, Rev. Leo McIntyre of Kansas, a sister of the bride, officiating. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the relatives and a few invited guests. They are both well-known young people who have the love and respect of a host of friends who unite in extending congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Waldo will make their future home in Meadville.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

We will comply to the many requests we have had and extend the time limit of our

GREAT SUIT SALE

to Saturday, June the 30th, when, as the "boys say" we will have money enough to buy 2 Suits AT THE PRICE OF ONE. This is nearly time for we have added all of our nobby and hand-tailored $15, and $18 Suits to the $10, $12.50 and $13.50 kind, all of which except black we put on this sale at $6.50, $8.50, $9.50 and $11.50. See what we have to offer then—use your own judgment.

WM. MONHEIMER.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c
ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

Mid-Summer Bargains.

We find a good many odd lots of the summer stocks have accumulated on our shelves and tables. It's a quick riddance sale we announce to-day.

Come early—the lots are small but the price reductions will amply repay the early buyers.

Boys' Wash Suits 50 and 75c grades

All styles and colors, sizes 3 to 14, at 38c

Wash Goods

One lot Printed Batistes, were 9c, at 6½c
One lot Assorted 15c grades, at 11c
One lot Assorted 25c grades, at 18c

Embroideries

The whole stock without reserve at ¼ off regular prices. A lot of remnants at about half price.

FRY & COMES

Buy your WAGONS from

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Our wagons are made of the very best material and built in our own shop by experienced men, and they will give you excellent satisfaction. Ask to see them.

We also have some bargains in second hand buggies. If you are in the market for either of these we can interest you.

We have a complete stock of Building Material at all times.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Wedding and Graduation Presents at Prill's.

If you are looking for a graduation present come here and we will help you.

We have a complete line of silver case goods sterling ware, cut glass, bric-a-brac, etc.

This will be a Comb and Bracelet season.

We are prepared for this and offer you a line of both, in solid gold and gold filled, at prices that are right.

Watches
Diamonds
Diamond Jewelry
Chains
Festoons
Hat Pins, &c.

Watches demagnetized and repairing at

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

$10.00 from SMETHPORT to

Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood

Sea Isle City or Ocean City, N. J.

July 6, August 1, 15 and 24, 1906

Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER OF TEN DAYS AT PHILADELPHIA allowed on going trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, or on return trip, without deposit, within limit.

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. Wood, Pass. Traffic Manager. Geo. W. Boyd, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

A QUAINT CEREMONY

SEARCHING THE VAULTS UNDER THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Guy Fawkes Long Ago Made the British Beef Eaters Watchful—How What Was Once an Important Duty Is Nowadays Performed.

During the 300 years which have elapsed since Guy Fawkes was discovered in the vaults of the houses of parliament the yeomen of the guard have never failed religiously to perform the ceremony of searching the cellars on the eve of the assembly of parliament. Originally an important duty, it has now developed into a quaint and picturesque ceremony. Before the old houses of parliament were burned down in 1834 the search was a reality. Now it is a mere ceremonial, but one which the public would wish maintained. Before that time every nook and every corner of the dark and noisome vaults had to be carefully searched.

How different the ceremony is conducted at the present day we learn from Sir Reginald Hennell's interesting book. The officials of the lord great chamberlain, the special detective police of the house of parliament, with the commissioner or deputy commissioner of police, assemble in the princes' or peers' robing room and await the coming of the yeomen of the guard, consisting of an exon, the sergeant major and ten yeomen. On their arrival a procession is formed, headed by the chief of police in charge. Partisans are laid aside, and each yeoman is handed one of the same little oil lamps which have probably been in use from time immemorial.

The exon gives the word, the procession moves off, and the search commences. Cautiously descending by iron ladders—for the yeomen are no longer young—and traversing iron grating floors, they gradually descend to the vaults below. The walls are all painted or colored white, and under the glare of the modern electric lamps, which brilliantly illuminate every part of the vaults, it would be difficult for the smallest object to remain undiscovered. Slowly the party reascends to the princes' chamber, lamps are returned, partisans are shouldered, the exon reports to the lord great chamberlain that the search has been well and truly carried out and that the houses of parliament can assemble in safety, the official part of the ceremony is over, and the guard is dismissed from duty.

The men then proceed, according to ancient custom, to the offices of Messrs. Bellamy, the old firm of wine merchants, where by special permission the gallant yeomen drink the king's health in the best port. In 1760 the firm of Bellamy applied to the authorities of the houses of parliament to be permitted to rent and use as wine cellars one portion of the empty vaults. This was granted, and the custom was initiated by the founder of the firm, "Old Bellamy," so to arrange the search that the yeomen of the guard should bring it to an end at the wine stores. There the announcement was made, "All's well," and the guard, being drawn up, drank the king's or queen's health in Bellamy's old port—"God save the king." The wine cellars have been removed elsewhere, but the good custom remains.

The yeomen of the guard are a most fascinating institution, the first permanent body guard of England's sovereigns and the first permanent corps of trained soldiers in our history. Imitated perhaps from the Scottish guard of the French kings, the corps was formed as far back as the year 1485. When Henry VII. landed in England from Normandy he was accompanied by a small guard of English and Welsh who had shared his exile. They were with him at Bosworth, and surrounded by them he received the crown of England.

It was this body of personal attendants that became, in September, 1485, the yeomen of the guard, ever since the personal bodyguard of the sovereigns of England. It still retains the picturesque dress with the original title of yeomen, which it wore under its first captain, John de Vere, earl of Oxford. The original duty of the corps was to protect the king in battle and otherwise, and he was accompanied by his yeomen wherever he went. The yeomen of the guard have taken part in many a battle and siege and in most royal pageants from the Field of the Cloth of Gold to the opening of parliament.

When his majesty the king opens parliament the beef eaters will be in close attendance on the state coach. The office of captain of the guard is a political one and changes with the government, but the lieutenant, the ensign, the clerk of the cheque, or adjutant, and the exons are required to have served in the army or marines and have seen war service. The yeomen must have been noncommissioned officers in the army or marines of approved and distinguished service, and the appointments, as may be imagined, are the most highly prized of any which are open to old soldiers. The yeomen of the guard are very frequently confounded with the warders of the Tower, but they are now a distinct body. When Henry VIII. relinquished the Tower as a residence he was not unmindful of the dignity attaching to it. Twelve yeomen of the guard were left behind as Tower warders, who then became a separate organization, with a slightly different dress, but with the same pay and allowances.

The nickname of beef eaters, which has been bestowed on the yeomen of the guard, is of comparatively modern origin; and it is amusing to recall how writers have endeavored to account for it.—London Globe.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS
CONSUMPTION

SMUGGLING FOR FUN.

Just For the Sake of "Getting Ahead" of the Government.

Smuggling for fun sounds ridiculous, but customs inspectors who have spent the greater part of their life in the service of the government say there are those who do it. Persistent efforts to detect those who would defraud the government have been rewarded by the almost total extinction of the professional smuggler, but all efforts have availed little against the traveler abroad who purposely conceals some article of value simply for the fun of "getting ahead" of the government.

The government detectives put smugglers in four classes. The first is the thoughtless smuggler; the second, the occasional traveler who tries to smuggle; the third, the professional smuggler, and the fourth, those who smuggle for fun.

The professional smuggler has long since ceased to trouble the federal officers seriously. The odds against him are so great that he has turned his ingenuity to some safer method of dishonesty.

The last, the smuggler for fun, is a bother. Usually the duty he is attempting to save is hardly enough to pay for the trouble of detection. What people smuggle covers everything that can be hidden.

Costly gems and jewels form the greater part of the dutiable property seized by the customs officers. The few professional smugglers confine themselves to diamonds. The smuggler for fun is as apt to try to get in a pair of gloves, a bit of lace, drugs or expensive cosmetics. Lace, silk and bits of bric-a-brac find their way into out of the way places in the trunks or grips of the occasional travelers who think it perfectly justifiable to avoid paying the duty.

Trained agents in every European city know of every purchase of gems or costly cloth destined for this country. Weeks before the purchaser reaches this side of the Atlantic his name, address and the exact quantity of goods he has purchased are in the hands of the officers on this side. His failure to mention an article of the slightest value immediately brings him to the attention of the inspectors, and he is fortunate to escape with no more severe punishment than the confiscation of the dutiable property.

To detect the amateur smugglers requires keen detective work on the part of the local customs officers. An especially quiet looking man who arrived a few months ago had concealed a beautiful diamond in the heart of a lump of tobacco. The customs officer, who had put this passenger down as one of the honest travelers, had his suspicion aroused when he saw him make a frantic grab for a half plug of tobacco that he had accidentally dropped. Before the passenger could reach the tobacco the officer had planted his foot upon it and of course discovered the stone.

A smartly dressed woman who had been abroad for the summer limped so painfully as she came down the gangway from the steamer that the customs officer who had been detailed to inspect her luggage was moved to ask if she had suffered an accident on the way over. She replied that she had. Before he completed the examination of her score of trunks he had excused himself, sent another officer on board and learned from the purser that the woman had not limped at breakfast that morning. She was asked to accompany one of the women inspectors to a private examination room, where a magnificent ring was found in the toe of her boot.

Intuition more than anything else aids the federal detectives in their work.—New York World.

Little, but Immense.

Although General Joseph Wheeler was a chieftain of tremendous force when in battle, he was, as everybody knows, small in stature, slight in build and of unassuming appearance as a civilian. Shortly after the United States had declared war against Spain and while the preparations for sending the army to Cuba were in active progress a stranger in Washington observed a number of distinguished senators gathering around a little gray bearded man whom they had encountered at the steps of the capitol and shaking his hand with enthusiasm.

"Who's that little old chap they're making so much fuss over?" he said, addressing an elderly, stoop shouldered man who was standing near him and looking at the group with kindling eyes.

"Little!" exclaimed the other. "That's Fighting Joe Wheeler. If ever you'd been in a big battle and seen him coming toward you at the head of a galloping army of wild men, as I have, you'd know better than to call him little! He's as big as the side of a house!"

Fishing For Rattlers.

Hunters have an ingenious method of capturing rattlesnakes, whose oil is believed to be a cure for deafness, and as such commands a big price. They go about on warm days, carrying a long fishing rod and a line, with a sharp scythe, and when the reptile is discovered, usually asleep near a loose edge of rock, it is prodded more or less gently with the rod. Like any other sleeper suddenly interrupted, the snake wakes up angry, makes a dart at the nearest irritating object, which is the fish hook dangling near his head from the end of the rod, and very accommodatingly allows the sharp hook to penetrate its jaws. The man with the rod holds the entrapped reptile at a safe distance while his comrade moves up and severs the snake's head from the body. The latter is then deposited in a bag, and the hunters go in search of fresh game.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

MATCHES OF OLD TIMES.

Securing a Light With a Flint Was a Tedious Process.

Few persons living today remember when the tinder box was a necessity. But those few are the only ones who thoroughly appreciate the convenience of matches. With the aid of a tinder box one sometimes obtained a light in less than two minutes, but if the conditions were unfavorable one might spend a half hour or more before getting from the reluctant tinder box the spark which would kindle the fire.

The process sounds simple. The lid of the box was removed and a bit of candle stuck in the socket. Next the flint, steel, matches and damper were taken from the box, one match being drawn from the bundle and laid ready for immediate use. The handle of the steel was grasped firmly in the left hand and the flint held between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. Nine inches was considered the proper distance between the steel and the tinder. This was measured roughly in the dark by placing the tip of the little finger on the rim of the box, spreading the hand upward and placing the bottom of the steel on the tip of the thumb. The flint was then struck sharply with the steel several times, obliquely and downward.

The impact caused the steel to give off sparks, really minute globules of molten steel, at a temperature of several thousand degrees, and these, falling upon the tinder, soon set it alight. The box was then taken in the hands and gently blown to cause the smoldering tinder to glow more brightly, and to this glow the point of a sulphur match was quickly applied. The flame of the burning sulphur quickly kindled the wood of the match, and it was then easy to light the candle or morning fire.

Although the process was not difficult for an expert under favorable circumstances, it was at best slow and tedious. One might strike 100 modern matches, one by one, in less time.

The flint commonly used in the tinder box was such as might be picked up in any flint district. All that was necessary was that it should be so shaped that it could be held easily between the fingers and should have sharp, clear edges. These were commonly sold in the streets of London for a penny, and are still manufactured in Brandon, England, for export to Spain, Italy and the east. The matches then ignite spontaneously when struck.

Originally a "match" was any substance which burned readily and slowly. The bit of slow burning hempen rope steeped in a solution of saltpeter, which the ancient gunner carried in order to discharge his arquebus, was a "match." It burned at the rate of about three feet in an hour. The old sulphur match was intended not to produce but to convey fire. In London matches were commonly sold by the poorest and raggedest class of street merchants, who lived in dirty lodgings in the poorest districts, where they made the matches, carrying them about in a basket for sale. Few houses with any pretension escaped without at least one call a day from these venders as long as the trade lasted.

The great difficulty was to find dry tinder. Naturally it was very ready to absorb moisture, and when allowed to become damp the difficulty of obtaining a light in the morning was great. To avoid this trouble the tinder box was usually kept in a specially dry place. Often there was a small niche made on purpose in the brickwork at the back of the large open hearth place. Often the box was placed in the evening on the hearth close to the fire and at bedtime was carried upstairs warm and dry and placed beneath the pillow.

At Victor Hugo's Table.

Victor Hugo—a titan in laboriousness—suffered in childhood from constitutional delicacy, wrote Henry Labouchere. He kept an Irish cook, who had learned how to roast in the service of the dean of Jersey or Guernsey. She hated "messes" and "stock" gravy and herself attended her master at table, not allowing the parlor maid to go near him. If she thought a dish unwholesome she refused to let him partake of it. She had her reward in the heartiness with which he ate of her roast and boiled viands. She and Mme. Drouet, the tactful friend and secretary of Victor Hugo through the greater part of his literary career, were agreed in satisfying to the full his fondness for early spring vegetables and new potatoes. As he insisted on them being passed around the table, which was spread for many disciples, admirers, hangers on and courtiers, they must have cost a fortune. I sometimes saw asparagus served without stint that would have cost from 1½ francs to 2 francs a stalk. Victor Hugo helped himself largely and called for more.

He Was Insane.

A representative from New York enjoys nothing better than to recount a story which, he declares, he had from an official in the pension bureau. One day, so the tale runs, the bureau was in receipt of an extraordinary communication from the west, in which the writer, among other things, made this astounding statement:

"I am now drawing a pension of $25 a month. Recently the Lord has prospered me so, being convinced that I am not entitled of right to this money, I desire that my name be stricken off the roll."

As soon as the bureau recovered in a measure from this staggering intelligence an investigation was set on foot. The examiner in the field reported as follows:

"I have the honor to inform you that the person who desired that the name be stricken from the pension roll is now in an insane asylum in this place and has been for some time."

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The Humble Start in Life of the Famous Master.

Two boys were herding swine in Italy. They were evidently discussing some very important subject, for they were earnest at it. A man approached, and the boys separated, each for his own side of the pasture. The man was angry and was shaking his hand at them. The boys said nothing; they drove their swine in and were quiet as a mouse about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark, and the sun had not even set yet. After they had driven the swine to their respective places each crept to his room, took his clothes and tied them in a bundle. This done, they both crept down and ran to the road which led to Rome. One's name was Peter; the other Michael Angelo. Both were poor boys. They tramped and tramped, and the first thing they did when they reached Rome was to go to church. After they had rested and prayed they looked for employment. Peter received employment as the cook's boy in some cardinal's house, but Michael could find nothing to do, so he almost despaired.

He went to his friend Peter, who gave him something to eat and at night secretly let him into his room in the attic to sleep. This went on for a long time, Peter content to let his friend do this and Michael content also. Michael when in church had seen some fine pictures. One which fascinated him was "Christ Ascending to Heaven." Taking bits of charcoal, he went to Peter's room and drew pictures on the white walls. One day the cardinal had occasion to go to the room. Michael had meanwhile secured employment in the cardinal's kitchen. The cardinal, upon seeing all the pictures, was dumfounded with their accurateness. He called Peter and Michael upstairs and asked who had drawn them. Michael confessed he had, but said he thought he could rub them out again. The cardinal explained to him that it was all right so far as the wall was concerned. He took Michael and sent him to a drawing master and gave Peter a better position. And Michael worked hard at his drawings, learned diligently and became the renowned Michael Angelo, one of the greatest painters of his time.

VEGETABLES AS MEDICINE.

Asparagus stimulates the kidneys.

Water cress is an excellent blood purifier.

Parsnips possess the same virtues as sarsaparilla.

Carrots are good for those having a tendency to gout.

Celery contains sulphur and helps to ward off rheumatism.

Celery is a nerve tonic; onions also are a tonic for the nerves.

Tomatoes are good for a torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people.

Beets are fattening and good for people who want to put on flesh; so are potatoes.

Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia.

Spinach has great aperient qualities and is far better than medicine for sufferers from constipation.

Hatching Eggs in the Mouth.

Some curious examples of the egg laying habits of certain frogs are related by naturalists. The female of one species, a species which was recently exhibited at a meeting of the Zoological society, carries the eggs about in her mouth until they are hatched. When the young emerge they are tadpoles, but fully formed, though, of course, diminutive frogs. An American tree frog, again, has a pouch along the whole extent of its back, in which the eggs are carried until hatched. It is the Nototrema marsupiatum of zoologists, the name referring to this curious habit. The case of the Surinam toad is equally curious. In this species the male places the eggs, one by one, in hollows in the loose skin on the back of the female, where they are developed.—London Globe.

Waiting to Be Found.

Lost one evening in a side street off Charing Cross, a small terrier came for the next six days at nightfall to the same spot, waiting to be "found" and scanning eagerly every passerby. The constable on the beat got to know her wistful little face and the bright silver collar she wore quite well, but she was never to be seen by daylight. It was only on the sixth evening, half starved and weak with waiting, that she allowed herself to be captured and taken to the dogs' home at Battersea, where she was eventually claimed by her owner.—St. James' Gazette.

Her Gift.

A Lancashire vicar was asked by the choir to call upon old Betty, who was deaf, but who insisted in joining in the solo of the anthem, and to ask her only to sing in the hymns. He shouted into her ear, "Betty, I've been requested to speak to you about your singing!" At last she caught the word "singing" and replied: "Not to me be the praise, sir. It's a gift."

Justice.

"Why is Justice represented with a bandage over her brow?"

"There is a classical reason for it," said the lawyer, "but to my mind it serves chiefly to impress the frequency with which Justice gets a black eye."—Washington Star.

Happy Thought.

Teacher—Mary, make a sentence with "dogma" as subject. Mary (after careful thought)—The dogma has three puppies.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Sigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

Peculiar Beliefs About Them That Exist in the Old World.

"Dead men's shoes" is a common expression, but means much in many parts of the old world, where the boots of the dead are accorded much importance.

In Scotland, in the northern parts of England, in Scandinavia, as well as in Hungary, Croatia and Roumania the utmost care is taken among the lower classes that each corpse is provided with a pair of good shoes before being laid into the ground. If the dead person happens to be a tramp and to have been found dead barefooted, there will always be some charitable soul to furnish a pair of good boots for interment along with the corpse.

An inspector of police in Scotland has been known to purchase of his own accord a new pair of boots and to place them in the grave, reopened for the purpose, of a murdered stranger who had been inadvertently interred barefooted the day before.

This practice, which likewise prevails among the Tziganes as well as in many parts of Asia, is attributable to the belief that unless the dead are well shod when buried their ghosts come back to haunt the locality where they breathed their last in search of a pair of boots.

The shoes are popularly supposed to be needed to pass in comfort and safety the broad plains which the departed soul must traverse before it can reach paradise. Among some nations these plains are declared to be covered with furzes, thorns and morass, while other races say that they consist of burning sands. These plains of suffering are popularly credited with forming a sort of antechamber to hell. It is for this reason that the boots of the dead are called "hell shoes" in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark.

As long as the heart is young and the thought is youthful old age cannot touch you.—Success Magazine.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—W. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Holt, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. D. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. J. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdotte S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyon? secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—R. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
B. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Re. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 4:45 p. m. Sunday School [illegible] p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church.
Father [illegible], Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

[illegible]

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a m 2:35, 4:05 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larabee 9:18 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:35 a m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:50 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and Buffalo B R & P.
6:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
6:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Timetable in Effect, April 2nd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 a. m., and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	[illegible]		[illegible]
Mt. Jewett	8:35	1:35	6:15
Kane	[illegible]	2:55	[illegible]
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		4:35
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:00
Mt. Jewett	7:34	11:29	5:00
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:00 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie R. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 20, 1905

MAIN LINE.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
	6:25	8:16	Hornellsville	10:30	5:59	
	6:30	8:20	Arkport	10:25	5:49	
			Burns	f	f	
	6:42	8:33	Hornellsville Jc	10:14	5:37	
	6:54	8:42	Canaseraga	10:07	5:30	
	6:59	8:48	Garwoods	10:02	5:25	
	7:10	8:59	Swains	9:48	5:10	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	9:29	4:57	
	7:50	9:30	Angelica	9:06	4:33	
	8:22	10:12	Friendship	8:37	4:05	
	8:54	10:45	Bolivar	8:05	3:33	
5:40		11:30	Olean		2:32	10:24
6:27			Eldred			9:50
6:50			Larabee			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		12:23	St. Marys		A4:50	10:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A10:42	Brockwayville		L1:30	
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
3:30	11:00	7:19L	Wayland	A10:35	3:02	6:58
3:35	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:29	2:56	6:52
3:43	11:11	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:49	6:45
3:45	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:15	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:08	2:33	6:29
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:00A	Hornellsville	L9:41	2:10	6:05
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

All trains daily, except Sunday.

L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt, St. Marys, Pa.
JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 19, 1906.

Ar. Eastward. A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	STATIONS.	Lv. Westward. A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
			Ar. Dp			
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.30	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.51	2.00	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9..
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.31
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven-Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Coudersport			P. M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.28
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.25	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	Dp Ar	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

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The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

The Fourth In the Navy

THE home coming of the body of John Paul Jones last year was deferred that there should be no interference with the Fourth of July celebration of Uncle Sam's Jackies. For Admiral Sigsbee and his fleet of cruisers it had been planned to sail on the Fourth. There was much that was fitting in the plan. Few men did more to make the Fourth of July a possibility than Paul Jones.

But there are some customs before which even sentiment must give way; and the navy's Fourth of July is one of them.

Independence day belongs to the Jacky. His superiors recognize that his life is in some respects a hard one. For this reason Uncle Sam believes that his sailors should have as many holidays as possible.

To make Independence day the biggest of them all is to give the day a special significance which must carry its lesson of patriotic duty to those who serve the republic on the seas. Hence rear admirals and captains always plan to be in port on July 4. Then, after dressing ship, firing the national salute and brief patriotic services, the day is given to the men to enjoy as they see fit, discipline being almost entirely relaxed.

The sports that attend the sailor's Fourth of July are of a varied character. Our naval service has become affected by the great outdoor movement that has converted Independence day into the greatest carnival of the year. The navy department has encouraged this tendency. Whenever an open field is available the chief sport de resistance is a baseball game, sometimes between rival nines picked from members of the same ship, oftener between teams representing different ships, and in some extreme cases, between nines from separate squadrons which happen to be near each other.

[illegible] ON THE DECK.

Then there are track and field events. The wearers of the blue show how fast they can sprint. Now, just what good this does them in their development as fighters is not clear, for even if they had the instinct to flee and could get over the ground faster than a Duffey it would do them no good in action. However, they run and throw weights, jump and pole vault.

If no athletic field is available, then the rivalry must be confined to aquatic events, swimming and rowing races. In the extreme cases where it is not possible to get ashore, or the water conditions preclude rowing or swimming, the Jackies test their prowess at boxing, wrestling, fencing, dancing and singing.

Then the ship's larder is drawn on for such extra delicacies as transform the regular meal into a banquet, and Jacky crawls into his hammock with the comfortable feeling that July 4 is a pretty big day after all and that he is glad to be able to pass it in Uncle Sam's service.—Buffalo Express.

Too Destructive.

"Did I ever see General Grant?" exclaimed Veteran Kilgore in response to an idle query. "Did I ever—why, child, at Shiloh I was a-layin' in th' tall grass a-shootin' jest as fast as I could load an' fire when I heard hoss tracks approachin', an' a voice calls from th' road:

"'Hey, there! Ain't that you, Kilgore?'

"I knowed th' voice instant an' says, 'Yes, Grant, it's me,' an' kep' right on shootin'.

"'Come here,' he says.

"I riz, reluctant, an' sa'ntered over to th' road, an' Grant says t' me:

"'Kilgore,' he says, 'I want ye t' go home. Ye're killing too durn many people.'"—Chicago News.

Keep the Flag Flying!

The late Senator Hanna of Ohio in a speech on an appropriation bill said: "I favor the erection of public buildings in every county and, if possible, in every town in the land. I favor such legislation because, although costly, it keeps the flag floating before the people, and it pays ultimately in the lessons of patriotism which our young people learn as they grow up. Knowing the flag is to love it, and it should be kept before the people."—New York Tribune.

No Waste.

De Style—What great scheme has Gasbagg for the Fourth of July?

Gunbuste—Why, instead of packing torpedoes in sawdust he's going to pack them in breakfast food.

A Declaration of Independence

By OLIVE HARPER

"BUT I do not even like him," said Margaret Leslie to her sisters, with quivering lips.

"Margaret," said the eldest sister, while the other three listened, "it is shocking! A minister of the gospel, a noble, goodly man. You should be thankful."

"Well, I'm not," said Margaret, now in tears. "He might better have chosen one of you, who have some aptitude for such a life. I have not."

Through Margaret's tears shone the face of a young artist, a good, honest, earnest young man, who had a greater fund of love for the ideal than dollars in the bank. And she knew that life on a crust with him would far outbalance luxury with Mr. Loomis. Her sister continued:

"Margaret, it is well for you that I am here! Here is a man of a thousand, handsome, a clergyman, rich and with a secure position. I told him that you would [illegible] ably."

"Well, I won't. Why did he do this just now so that he could tighten my chains before everybody at the picnic? I won't go."

"Yes, you will." And she did.

SHE TOOK OUT A TINY FLAG AND WAVED IT.

[illegible] the clergyman [illegible] came to the house and Margaret was obliged to see him. He appeared to consider the engagement a foregone conclusion, but had the grace to ask her if she would be his helpmeet. Margaret listened in silence while the clergyman took her limp hand and placed a fine diamond ring upon it. He bent and kissed the pale brow, and it was over. He never asked Margaret if she loved him or said that he loved her. His abounding self esteem never allowed him to raise the question. Of course she did. How could she help it?

He was pastor of a large church on Broad street, and this day of Independence the Sunday school children were to have a grand picnic up the Wissahickon, in Fairmount park. It is safe to say that had the children had any voice in this matter they would have preferred to spend the day in town, for firecrackers were forbidden, and torpedoes were tabooed and toy pistols regarded as too dangerous. No amount of ice cream, lemonade or cakes could reconcile them for the loss of a whole day.

The Rev. Azariah Loomis did not approve of noise.

The discontented Sunday school children were dropped from the carriages into a grove of trees along the bank of the Wissahickon in view of the falls and turned loose to enjoy themselves. A few of the teachers really did try to make them happy with games and swings, but it was hot, and far in the distance they could hear fireworks and were correspondingly miserable. Margaret alone succeeded in making the children gay and happy. She fairly wore herself out, but she had the affection of the children, and all went well until the clergyman came near. Then all interest dropped, and every piping voice was stilled. He was exceedingly proud of this mark of their reverent esteem, as he understood their sudden silence.

Among the guests at the picnic were a number of young girls and lads of the Bible class. These big boys seemed to be so out of their element that they did not know what to do, and in their awkward bashfulness they began to tease the girls. No matter what group these boys approached, whether children or grown people, no one appeared glad to have them, so finally they went off together and began to pelt the swans and ducks and smoke cigarettes and act in a most reprehensible manner considering that this was a church picnic. Margaret noticed them and thought:

"No one seems to care for those boys. They are too big to play with the children and too rude to go among the young girls, and the grown people don't want them. I will speak to Mr. Loomis about it."

So when the long day began to decline the party prepared to return. Margaret had come in a landau with two of her sisters and Mr. Loomis. While waiting for the children to be put into the proper care, Margaret found that her betrothed was standing by her. The young boys, dissatisfied with such a tame manner of spending the glorious Fourth, were indulging in horseplay. Margaret raised her sweet blue eyes to Mr. Loomis and said:

"When we are settled I should like to take up a line of work which I have often thought of. I think it would be the means of doing real good. You see those big boys down there. Well, no one seems to want boys around. I have noticed it in homes and elsewhere, and here today I have thought that much good might be done."

"In what way may I ask?" said he, his face growing hard and becoming squarer in outline at once.

"Well, I would give a little reception every fortnight to this kind of boys and some girls I know and your Bible class, and in that way they would learn to enjoy themselves in a proper way and keep off the streets and out of bad company."

"I have listened to you patiently, but would wish to state, and most emphatically, that I entirely disapprove of any such plan. That is the duty of parents. Young people are too noisy. Besides, I shall require you to assist me in hunting up notes and references and looking up authorities and also to typewrite my sermons in duplicate for the reporters."

"Ah, and anything else?" asked Margaret with dangerous sweetness.

"Yes," said he, falling into the trap, just like any man. "I have no doubt that with the management of my household and the line of reading I shall lay out for you, and sewing your clothes and doing what I have just said, in aiding me in my arduous labors, your time will be too much occupied for frivolous things, so there will be no receptions. I told you I do not like noise. Your sisters are very noisy, always giggling, and I call that a mark of levity. Therefore I wish to have you tell them so, and that I cannot have your time nor mine broken in upon by frequent visits. Once a month is quite enough."

Two red spots burned in Margaret's cheeks as she took off the ring she was wearing and handed it to him, saying:

"Here is your ring, sir. Our engagement is at an end."

Seeing that he made no effort to take it, Margaret threw the ring to the ground. For a moment he stood dumb, then he looked at her, saying:

"Young woman, think what you are doing! You are losing me!"

Margaret turned away, seized by an unsaintly desire to laugh at his pained surprise. While he was searching in his slow brain to find some suitable phrase Margaret had disappeared up the winding path to the hill among the trees until she reached a dusty clump of bushes and crept under them to think. What would her sisters say? What would the world say? She had thrown away the best match of the season, but she was glad of it. She was free. She hated the pompous man who had told her what her slavery would be. She never wanted to see him again. But what would her sisters say? They were poor, though trying hard to appear otherwise, and this match had meant much to them, and now Margaret had thrown away her opportunity. She knew what awaited her—tears and wild reproaches from them all for her contumacy. So she crept under the shrubbery and wept until she was exhausted.

The incensed clergyman left the place before the two sisters had found him. He was in a fine religious rage. He called to mind several of the most blighting maledictions in usage among the early fathers, but they brought no relief. His vanity was wounded.

The sisters, not finding him or Margaret, thought they had doubtless gone alone, after the manner of the engaged, so decided to return home. They did so, but no Margaret was there.

While all this was going on some one had seen Margaret and the clergyman as they stood together and had marked the return of the ring and drew his own conclusions. This was the artist whose handsome face and genial heart had been in Margaret's mind a long time. He had on this great day packed up his sketchbook and betaken himself to the Wissahickon, perhaps to work and perhaps to try to get a glimpse of Margaret. He knew that all the flags fluttering among the trees were flying to do her honor and felt that the whole picnic was for her. Her personality overshadowed everything else to him.

It was nearly 4 o'clock, and the last load of uncomfortable, hot and sleepy children had gone. A few early rockets began to leap into the sky in the distance. Under the shade of the trees and bushes it began to seem quite dark, and Margaret was afraid, so she crept out, to find herself facing the young artist, who was making believe that he was sketching.

Then Margaret began to cry again, which made it necessary for him to console her and for her to explain. She ended her story saying:

"And I don't know what to do."

"I'll tell you. This is Independence day. You are of age. Declare your independence. I have a brother in Camden, a clergyman, and we'll just go over and be married at once."

"But what will my sisters say?"

"We will find out when we come back. We can get there and back before they know it. Will you come?"

For answer she took out a tiny American flag and waved it and pinned it to her dress. And then they started for paradise by way of a trolley car.

Some Fourth of July Proverbs.

A lit firecracker in the hand isn't worth two in the pack.

There is no use pulling the trigger after the gun has been fired.

Do not look a gift cannon in the mouth.

Never light your roman candle at both ends.

It is the pinwheel that loses by doing a good turn.

One swallow doesn't make a spring nor one firecracker a Fourth.

THREE BIG CRACKERS.

They Had to Be Reloaded Before They Would Go Off.

A young lawyer in Atlanta had a northern friend living in a small town not a great distance from the city, and the day before the Fourth of July he received a telegram from him running about like this: "Want to celebrate in proper style. Send by next train a few of the biggest crackers you can find."

It so happened that the lawyer had three clients who were to be released from jail the following morning. They were tall, gaunt, bearded mountaineers who belonged to the class known as Georgia "crackers" and had been locked up for making moonshine whisky. The town where the patriotic northerner lived was on their way home, and, seeing an opportunity to have some fun, the attorney went around to the jail and told the trio of wild men that he would pay their railroad fare that far if they would stop off and deliver a note to a friend. They agreed, and he gave them a letter running thus: "These are the biggest crackers I could find. Hope they will prove satisfactory."

Next morning the suburbanite was summoned to his door and confronted by three huge mountaineers, who solemnly handed him the note and sat down on the front steps. He was amazed beyond measure, and when he read the missive he realized that he was "up against it," as the saying goes. There is very little humor about the Georgia moonshiners, and he knew instinctively that it would be dangerous to let those grim giants suspect for a moment that they had been made the instruments of a joke. How to get rid of them was the question.

After awhile he invited them to breakfast and then gave them $1 apiece and told them to go and celebrate. They promptly filled up on corn whisky, and later in the afternoon he hired a man to put them aboard the train and pay their fare to their mountain home. Then he sent a telegram, which the lawyer still preserves. "Crackers arrived," it ran. "Very unsatisfactory. Had to have them reloaded before they would go off."—New Orleans Times.

A FURIOUS FOURTH.

How the Transplanted Westerner Knew He Was Home Again.

While the modes of expressing patriotic rapture are few, they do nevertheless differ a little in different localities.

"The first time I went back to Illinois," relates a transplanted westerner, "was in July. I went by the lake route on a big white steamer. On the morning of the Fourth we were on Lake Michigan and there was nothing at all doing in the way of festivity. That quiet mood matched the calm water and it lasted until we came into Chicago. There we started up the narrow little Chicago river to our dock. There wasn't much room to spare, and we were picking our way gingerly, when along came one of the old Milwaukee whalebacks, spouting black smoke and jostling her way down the river without paying any attention to anybody.

"There was an outrageous amount of noise on board and when the old boat came alongside of us we saw that the deck was black with passengers. All along the rail on both sides were men with pistols. As fast as they could load and pull the triggers they were firing blank cartridges, and every time they fired they'd yell. I liked the quiet of the lake, but that made me feel good all over because I knew I was back in the west again."—New York Post.

General Blackmar's Drill Story.

The late General Wilmot W. Blackmar once told how he had overheard a British corporal drilling his squad in this fashion:

"Now, then, No. 7," the corporal said, "we'll make another start—that is, if you've quite finished feelin' if your back hair happens to be on straight this morning. It's you I'm talkin' to, third man from left on front rank. I haven't the pleasure of knowin' your name, but I expect to be writin' it down for an hour's extra work pretty soon. Now, then, look to your front. Squad! 'tshun! Left dress! Turn your eyes to the left without squintin' like Chinese dummies, if you can. Stand up in the ranks, too, like soldiers, not like a measly row of lopsided, spindle shanked, cockney shopboys! Stick your chests out and put your stumnicks somewhere out of sight altogether. There's 'arf of you with fingers like bags of potatoes. Strike me crimson if I ever saw such a mob! Hi, you, in the center—the ginger headed man, I mean—don't grin like that! This ain't no perishin' beauty competition, not by no manner of means!"—Boston Globe.

John Bright's Prophecy.

I believe that in the centuries which are to come it will be the greatest pride and the highest renown of England that from her loins have sprung 100,000,000—it may be 200,000,000—men who dwell and prosper on that continent which the old Genoese gave to Europe.—John Bright in the House of Commons, March 13, 1865.

A Fiery Ordeal.

We're very patriotic,
The simple truth to state;
Whene'er July the Fourth arrives,
We wildly celebrate.

Johnny has the lockjaw,
Willie's lost an ear,
Mary's burned her eyebrows off
And looks extremely queer.

Mother has hysterics,
Father's burned his arm;
When we see a lightning bug
We shudder with alarm.

A battle soon is over;
Many miss its fate,
But it takes a heap of courage
Every year to celebrate.
—Washington Star.

The Boston Boy's Fourth

"ON the Fourth," little Emerson Copley remarked,
"I trust you will all bear in mind
The request that I make. It is small, I am sure;
A trifle, in fact, you will find.
I merely would ask that you purchase no punk,
No caps or producers of noise
With any intention of lowering me
To the level of commonplace boys.

"On the Fourth of July," he continued, "to me
There is nothing so palpably tame
As crackers, torpedoes and kindred affairs,
When fired in Liberty's name.

"TO PERUSE UNDISTURBED IN MY DEN."

The popping they make is incompetent quite
To keep pace with my patriot's zeal,
And I frankly confess that they never give vent
To the joy that I inwardly feel.

"So allow me," said he, "on the Fourth of July
To peruse, undisturbed in my den,
That document famous which years ago came
From the studious Jefferson's pen.
Do this, and at eve I will gladly appear,
The fireworks easily to see,
For the rockets' red glare and the bombs in the air
Will remind me of Francis Scott Key."
—New York Sun.

KING CHRISTIAN KICKED HIM.

Royal Bandmaster Forgot to Play "The Star Spangled Banner."

A short time after the civil war, writes a correspondent of the New York Times, a small fleet of our ships took the then assistant secretary of the navy, Gustavus V. Fox, to Europe to cultivate international friendship.

While in Copenhagen the late King Christian invited Mr. Fox and the principal officers of his fleet to dine. The following incident of the visit was related to me by the late Rear Admiral Alexander Murray, who was then in command of the monitor Augusta:

"From my seat at dinner I looked out on the pleasant lawn where the band was stationed. After the principal business of the dinner was over, at the invitation of King Christian the glasses were filled and, all the table being at attention, his majesty arose and with due formality proposed 'The president of the United States.' Glasses were raised, but the king paused, glared over his shoulder and abruptly left the dining hall. The guests, upon invitation of an aid, reseated themselves.

"In a few minutes I saw the bandmaster come hurriedly into sight, followed by the king, who kicked him across my field of view. Shortly after the king returned to the dining hall, took his place at the head of the table, and, the guests having risen, again proposed 'The president of the United States.' As he raised his glass the band struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner.' With a satisfied smile his majesty emptied his glass.

"King Christian was democratic and kind and beloved by his people, but all things had to be done decently and in order or he'd know the reason why."

The American Flag.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea, divine right of liberty in man.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Declaration of Independence.

It is the summing up of the results of the philosophical development of the age, the practical embodiment of the progressive ideas which, far from being confined to the narrow limits of the English colonies, pervaded the atmosphere of all civilized nations.—Carl Schurz.

Consecration to Country.

What is true patriotism? It is an absolute consecration to country.—William McKinley at Grant's Tomb.

Johnnie Wanted Cannon Crackers.

Johnnie he's got pants on—
He ain't a kid no more.
He wants cannon crackers
That make a thunderin' roar.

He broke his cap pistol;
He says they're baby's toys.
He wants cannon crackers
Like all the other boys.

Papa bought the crackers;
This filled John with great bliss.
There was a loud explosion—
this.
like
want
Johnnie
Poor
—Brooklyn Eagle.

OLD GLORY.

A Salem Skipper Credited With Giving the Flag This Name.

That the American flag was named Old Glory in 1831 by a Salem (Mass.) skipper named William Driver is asserted by the Boston Globe. He was at that time captain of the brig Charles Doggett.

Captain Driver, a successful deep sea sailor, was preparing to shape the brig's course to the southern Pacific. Just before the brig left Salem a young man at the head of a party of friends saluted Captain Driver on the deck of the Doggett and presented him with a large and beautifully made American flag. It was done up in stops and when sent up aloft and broken out to the air Captain Driver christened it Old Glory.

He took it to the south Pacific, and years after when old age forced him to relinquish the sea he treasured the flag as an old friend.

Captain Driver moved to Nashville, Tenn., in 1837 and died there in 1886. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities between the north and the south Old Glory was flung to the breeze every day from the window of Captain Driver's Nashville house, but when the bullets began to zip and the odor of gunpowder to taint the air the old flag had to be secreted.

It was kept out of sight inside a great bed comfortably until Feb. 27, 1862, when Brigadier General Nelson's wing of the Union army appeared in Nashville. Captain Driver presented it to the general to be hoisted on the capitol. It was run up by Captain Driver himself. He watched it through the night, and, a heavy wind coming up, he took it down and sent a new flag up in its place.

The original Old Glory was preserved and after the death of Captain Driver it was presented by the compiler of the Driver memoirs to the Essex Institute at Salem, Mass., where it may now be seen.

JEFFERSONIAN MAXIMS.

Independence Day Thoughts by the Declaration's Author.

From the works of Thomas Jefferson:

Independence can be trusted nowhere but with the people in mass. They are inherently independent of all but moral law.

The great principles of right and wrong are legible to every reader; to pursue them requires not the aid of many counselors.

Where the law of the majority ceases to be acknowledged there government ends; the law of the strongest takes its place, and life and property are his who can take them.

Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.

If we are faithful to our country, if we acquiesce with good will in the decisions of the majority and the nation moves in mass in the same direction, although it may not be that which every individual thinks best, we have nothing to fear from any quarter.

Laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind. As that becomes more developed, more enlightened, as new discoveries are made, new truths disclosed and manners and opinions change with the change of circumstances, institutions must advance also and keep pace with the times.

A SCHOOLBOY'S COMPLAINT.

Why Was the Declaration Signed In Summer?

Opposed to the theory that the suffering of nervous and sensitive persons ought to be assuaged by cutting off as much noise as possible is the sneaking consciousness of good citizens that the small boy was very shabbily treated when the American colonies revolted from England. This is, indeed, one of the most discreditable chapters in our history. Had the patriots at Philadelphia hastened in their work or had they gone to the other extreme and prolonged their deliberations until autumn the American boy to all generations would have been provided with a real holiday—that is, a day in term time when school does not keep and there is something interesting to do outside.

Instead of that Jefferson and the others put out their notable document at a season when the schools are closed anyhow. The boys thus defrauded are entitled to a little more license in their efforts to make this day as different as possible from the other days of vacation. It would change the scheme of things mightily to have the anniversary of Independence pass as quietly in America as, say, Guy Fawkes' day.—New York Post.

Our Common Patrimony.

Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute our common patrimony, the nation's inheritance.—Henry Clay.

Patriotism.

A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle, and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.—George William Curtis.

The Fourth In Brief.

Small
Boy,
Powder,
Sev'ral
Little
Shocks.
One
Much
Louder—
Silver
Handled
Box.
—Baltimore American.

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MATERIALS IN A MAN

YOU CAN BUY THEM ALL IN ANY FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE.

A Scientific Analysis of the Chemical Compounds of Which a Human Body Is Made—Man When Reduced to Water, Powders and Gas.

You can go to a drug store and buy all the materials to make a man. If the reader does not care to incur the expense of purchasing the materials with which to make a man it may at least be interesting to study the chemical composition of the human body as exhibited at the National museum. This will personally appeal to the man who is five feet eight inches high and weighs 154 pounds, as the exhibit at the museum represents the elements and their quantities in the body of an average healthy man of that height and weight. These compounds are placed in a glass case, the collection consisting of thirty-two bottles, jars and boxes, labeled and set on shelves.

Man does not show to advantage when reduced to water, powders and gas, but he is worth attention not only from a scientific viewpoint, but as a moral lesson. The chemical compounds of which our bodies are made up are shown by analysis to consist mainly of thirteen elements. Five of these when uncombined with other elements are the gases oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine and fluorine. The remaining eight are solid substances, three of which are nonmetals—carbon, phosphate and sulphur—while the other five are metals—iron, calcium, magnesium, potassium and sodium. Besides these thirteen elements are minute quantities of a few others, as silicon, manganese and copper. This scientific analysis differs radically from the nurse lore theory that boys—and presumably men—are made of "snaps and snails and puppy dog tails" and can be relied on as an official table of your contents, provided you are a man of 154 pounds.

The inspector of the museum's exhibit on man first takes note of a jar of reddish powder. The label tells one that it is phosphorus, of which a person contains a pound and a half. The specimen owes its lurid hue to long exposure. In its natural state it is soft, waxy and so inflammable that to prevent spontaneous combustion it is preserved under water. United with oxygen it forms phosphoric acid, which in turn combined with calcium, as phosphate of lime, is an important constituent of bone. Phosphorus also occurs in the brain and nerves. Next to the jar is a chunk of sulphur the size of an egg. It is found in various parts of the body, notably in the bones and teeth. The next bottle contains what looks to be 5 cents' worth of darning needles. It represents one-tenth of an ounce of iron, an important constituent of the red coloring matter of blood.

The visitor next learns that his body includes three pounds and thirteen ounces of calcium, which incidentally may explain any hankering he may have for the limelight. This calcium is a yellowish metal, somewhat harder than lead. It is the basis of lime and occurs throughout the body, principally as bones and teeth, in the form of phosphate.

On another jar one reads: "Potassium, a soft metal, easily cut with a knife and showing a silver white luster. When thrown on water it decomposes the water, combining with the oxygen with such avidity that the hydrogen, set free, takes fire. It is the basis of potash and occurs in the body principally as chloride and phosphate." Naturally you know this must all be so, but appearances are against it. The specimen does not in the least look like "a soft metal with a silver white luster." It is the living image of two pounds of shop worn dates, the appearance of it being due to exposure no doubt.

In a 154 pound human body are ninety-seven pounds of oxygen, which would if set free fill a space of nearly 1,000 cubic feet. The body also carries fifteen pounds of hydrogen, which if allowed to escape would fill a corresponding area. One should be particularly glad to know about this gas, because it explains where spellbinders get their supplies. The specimens of these gases are compressed in big glass jars that look sweaty inside, but otherwise are apparently empty. Hydrogen, like carbon, is burned in the body by uniting with oxygen, thus serving as fuel. The water produced is given off in the respiration through the lungs and as perspiration through the skin.

On the bottom shelf, along with other specimens, is a tin box containing thirty-one pounds of anthracite coal. It represents that amount of carbon in a human body. Carbon combines with oxygen. In this combination heat and force are generated and carbonic acid gas formed. The carbon taken in the body in food is burned in this way by the oxygen of the inhaled air, yielding heat to keep the body warm and force muscular strength for work. The carbonic acid gas is given out by the lungs and skin. Carbon thus serves as fuel for the body and is its most important fuel element.

Then there are the fats, twenty-two and one-fourth pounds out of 154. Human fat consists of stearin, palmitin and olein, with varying portions in different parts. On a card may be read: "The so called complex fats, protagon, lecithin, cerebrin and others, resemble the neutral fats. The quantity is not definitely known, but is supposed to amount to about twelve ounces. These fats are very difficult to obtain, and only small specimens are shown, with special labels. They occur chiefly in the brain, spinal cord and nerves, though found in other parts."

By way of illustration there are jars packed with tallow that account very naturally for the mutton headed people who oppose our views.

A small jar contains what looks to be a smear of black molasses. It is a specimen of lecithin, which occurs in one's brain and which is also found in the yolk of an egg. Another little dab of something is labeled "cerebrin," a complex fat from the brain and spinal marrow. Glycogen, still another little mess, is an animal starch from the liver, and inosite is a kind of sugar obtained from the muscles. This is also found in plants.

A large jar is labeled "gelatinoids," and you read that a man weighing 154 pounds contains about nine pounds and fourteen ounces, the amount shown. Gelatinoid compounds resemble in chemical composition and properties the gelatin used in cooking, and that is precisely what it looks like.

The thirteen pounds of albuminoids contained in a man who touches the scales at 154 resemble so much yellow cornmeal, well ground. As to the speck of ugly brown stuff near by, you would never guess what it stood for if the label did not explain that it was "hemoglobin, the red coloring matter of blood, very difficult to obtain," and a small specimen of which is shown, together with one pound and two ounces of dried blood to represent the probable quantity of hemoglobin in the blood of an ordinary man. Hemoglobin serves as the carrier of oxygen in the blood from the lungs to all parts of the body.

If you are a 154 pound man you contain forty-six quarts of water universally distributed in your body.

No chemical analysis of a human body has ever been made, but from analysis of the different parts the amounts of the more important compounds may be approximately estimated.

When one has read the labels, counted the jars and looked the outlay over the conclusion is reached that man has as many ingredients as a mince pie. One will always know after this that when he dies it is because nature has gone on a coal strike or that hemoglobin is asleep at the switch.

Right before one's eyes are the pinch of this and the sprinkle of the other that make a brain—or an egg yolk—and in another bottle is the nasty little smear of brown stuff that gives the heart's blood its crimson—the brain and the heart that have ruled this world since Adam.

The visitor says to himself as he leaves the case: "Science may have here all the materials for making a man, but there is only one chemist who can put them together. His name is God."—Washington Star.

PLAYING CARDS.

The Figures They Bear and What They Are Supposed to Represent.

There are but few persons, even among the historians, antiquarians and students in general, who have the least idea of the significance of the figures on playing cards. In very early times the four suits represented the four principal trades followed by the people, and the figures on the cards were supposed to be symbolic of the same. The heart was the symbol of the chairmen, or ecclesiastics, and in all early packs, besides the figure of the heart, each card also bore a rude picture of a monk's cowl or of his cloak and crooked stiff.

Some authorities say that the cut of the early monkish cloak was in the form of a heart and that the figure used today is but a representation or picture of that portion of the old prelate's wearing apparel. The "spade" is really a pike, or spearhead, and was originally the trademark of the soldiery, typifying the nobility of that very important branch of ancient "industry." The artisans in general were represented by either a Mason's arch or by a diamond shaped roofing tile. The former, being somewhat unhandy to properly figure, gradually gave way to the tile, which is still used and called a "diamond" because of its shape. The farmers, or great class of agricultural laborers, were given their symbol, which was originally a wheat head, or sheaf of wheat bound up with the common straw band. As clover gradually became the chief forage grass of the agriculturists, they adopted a single leaf of that plant as their card symbol. A figure of this useful species of trefoil is still used and is called a "club," but why no one knows.

The four kings were originally David, Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne, representing the four greatest monarchies. Authorities differ as to the queens, but the preponderance of the evidence is in favor of the opinion that they are Argine, Judith, Esther and Pallas. The knaves, or "jacks," are supposed to be rude caricatures of ancient assassins, or general all around villains, whose names have been lost in the many centuries that cards have been used in games of chance and amusement.

An Egyptian's Reasoning.

Some years ago an Englishman was coming down the river Nile, in Egypt, on a large boat loaded with grain, and the birds came off from every village and ate the grain piled on the deck. The Englishman asked the Egyptian captain of the boat, "Who owns this grain?" The Egyptian captain said, "I own it." Then the Englishman asked why he let the birds eat up the grain. The Egyptian asked the Englishman, "Who made the birds?" The Englishman answered, "God." The Egyptian asked whether grain was a food which God intended birds to eat. The Englishman said it was. The Egyptian said, "Can the birds sow and raise the grain for themselves?" The Englishman said, "They cannot." Then said the Egyptian, "Let them eat. God has provided enough for both them and us."

On Tipping the Hat.

New Yorkers still cling to the ancient custom of tipping their hats when greeting a male friend or acquaintance. It is a common sight to see a staid, prosperous looking business man as he passes an acquaintance tipping his hat, although the other is alone and unaccompanied by a woman. It is the same after a party has been together somewhere, at dinner, probably, or at the theater. You will notice that as one separates himself from the others he will say good night or au revoir and then tip his hat. Also when one man is introduced to another it is dollars to a subway ticket that he will lift his chapeau. Wonder why it is. They don't do it in Pittsburg.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SCOTCH SUPERSTITIONS.

Curious Methods That Were Adopted In Sickness and Deaths.

A method much in vogue in Scotland at one time of ascertaining whether sickness would prove fatal was to dig two holes in the ground, one called the quick grave, the other the dead hole. The sufferer was then placed between the two, and the hole toward which he turned indicated what would be the outcome of his malady. Sometimes a piece of rock was broken over the head of a person whose last agonies were painful alike to himself and to those who witnessed them. It was believed that the heart of the sick man would thus be broken and his release hastened. Windows and doors are always thrown wide open in order that the departing spirit may have free egress from the house and escape from the evil ones that hover around eager to inthrall his soul.

During the interval between death and burial hens and cats were kept carefully shut up. A person meeting these animals at such a juncture was doomed to blindness in the future. Moreover, unless a stream divided the two houses, farmers frequently refrained from yoking their oxen or horses before the body was "laid under the turf of truth." Many women preserved, with the greatest reverence, their bridal attire to cover them in the coffin. Bread and water were placed in the chamber of death, for during the night prior to the burial the spirit of the departed one came to partake of them. Stillborn children and little ones who had not been blessed by the minister were buried before sunrise. In this way their admission to the land of promise was assured. Not to observe the practice was to destine the souls of these bairns to wander homeless and disconsolate.

The fate of the suicide is lamentable. His body cannot rest in the kirkyard, for it would taint the souls of those who lie therein. Frequently he was buried in a lone dike which separated two lairds' estates, and passersby were expected to cast a pebble at the rude stone which marked the place.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

There's a lot of foolishness to keep out of.

Genius is not rare, but plain common sense is.

Great things can't be very difficult or an ordinary man couldn't accomplish them.

Every one naturally dislikes those people who are so good they suggest the top line in a copy book.

Be content with your air castle. The chimney in an air castle never smokes, and the windows do not rattle in every wind.

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark—you know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

Perhaps you have noticed that children are more willing to work for the neighbors than at home; also that some of them never outgrow the habit.—Atchison Globe.

Instinct In Birds.

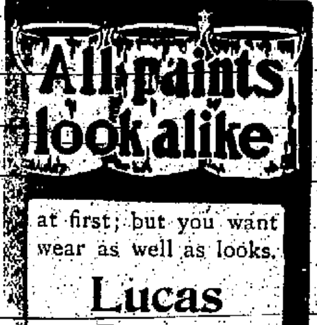
In the former part of the year a steamer encountered rough weather, and, as often happens at such times, many sea gulls hovered near the ship and even came on board. One allowed itself to be caught, and it was found that it had a fish bone stuck in the eye in such a position as not absolutely to destroy the sight, but penetrating an inch into the flesh of the bird and projecting an inch and a half. It might have had a fight with a fish or got transfixed seeking its prey. The doctor of the ship took the bird, extracted the bone, applied a soothing remedy to the wound and let it go. It flew away, but returned the next day, allowing itself to be caught. The doctor examined the wound, which was progressing favorably, applied more of the remedy and let the bird go a second time. It flew several times around the ship and then departed and returned no more.—London Sketch.

Crocker's Rheumatic Cure Is It?

Mr. Thomas Secrist says, under date of Jan. 31, 1906, that he had Muscular Rheumatism for six years, part of the time suffered so he could not sleep at night. Says he has taken two 50 cent bottles of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure, and can sleep and has not felt the pain in his arms since. He recommends any one suffering with Rheumatism to try a fifty-cent bottle.

MR. THOMAS SECRIST,
—West Wheeling,
Ohio.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth.



at first; but you want wear as well as looks.

Lucas Paint
(Tinted Gloss)

always gives the same sure lasting results. It is ground fine, and thoroughly mixed in exact proportions by modern machinery. What it has always done it'll do today. Ask your dealer.

John Lucas & Co
New York Philadelphia Chicago

DUEBER
HAMPDEN
WATCHES
MADE AT THE GREAT WATCH WORKS AT CANTON, OHIO

The dealer who doesn't have DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCHES may tell you they are not the best. He wants to sell what he has—it's human nature. Before buying, ask the dealer who has them.

M. L. ARMSTRONG
AND
M. E. KERR

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

ATTEND THE

OLEAN RACES

JULY 3, 4, 5, 6, 1906

TUESDAY, JULY 3rd.

2:24 Pace	Purse	$400
2:30 Trot	"	"
2:08 Pace	"	"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th.

2:30 Pace	Purse	$400
2:15 Trot	"	"
2:18 Pace	"	"
2:22 Trot	"	"

THURSDAY, JULY 5th.

2:15 Pace	Purse	$400
2:25 Trot	"	"
2:12 Pace	"	"

FRIDAY, JULY 6th.

2:20 Pace	Purse	$400
2:18 Trot	"	"
2:20 Trot	"	"

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

4TH OF JULY BALL GAME

With Bradford at 10 a. m.

Dance at Riverhurst
IN THE EVENING.

One and a Third Fare for Round Trip on All Roads.

For other information address

H. S. SARTWELL, Pres.
W. G. SISSON, Sec'y.

SPECIAL CUT PRICES CONTINUED

EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satify the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours. Investigate.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

AUDITORS' REPORT

Keating Township School District for the Year Ending June 1, 1906.

JAMES BRAY, Collector, in account with Keating Township School Fund Duplicate, 1903 and 1904 Duplicate.

Dr.		
To bal. due last auditors' report	$ 1270 50	1270 50
Cr.		
By paid Treas. Decker	991 00	
By com. on 991.00 at 5%	49 00	
By additional exonerations 1903 and 1904	[illegible]	
By amt. due Keating Twp. School District to bal.	2 61	1270 50

A. O. FARLEY, Collector, in account with Keating Township School Funds, Duplicate 1905.

Dr.		
To amount of duplicate school	1620 12	
To amt. of school building	3600 00	5220 02
Cr.		
By amt. paid Treasurer C. C. Decker	3570 89	
By exonerations 1905 duplicate	30 83	
By taxes returned to co. commissioners	85 10	
By 5% allowed taxpayers on $2188 81	109 41	
By 2% commission on 1623.41 school	32 47	
By 2% commission on 455.77 school building	9 12	
By 5% commission on 1001.71 school	51 50	
By 5% commission on 135.00 school building	6 75	
Balance due township	826 84	5220 02

C. C. DECKER, Treasurer, in account with Keating Township School Funds for the year ending June 1st 1906.

Dr.		
To received state appropriation	2991 03	
To received from county treasurer	1149 55	
To received from ex-Collector Bray	991 06	
To received from Collector Farley	3570 89	
To received from ex-Treasurer Yerdon	81 89	
To received loan from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.	1000 00	
To received loan from J. C. Stull	1000 00	
To received from Winifred Roeder, wages returned	2 00	
To received tuition from Bradford township	118 50	
To received tuition from Lafayette township	140 75	
To received tuition from Otto township	38 20	
Due Treasurer Decker to bal	186 55	11492 36
Cr.		
By paid teachers wages	5880 80	
By paid attending institute	217 00	
By paid school supplies, text books	311 86	
By paid school supplies other than text books	516 73	
By paid building and furnishing	373 80	
By paid rent and repairs	362 19	
By paid debt and interest	2195 00	
By paid secretary's salary, bal. 1904 and 1905	200 00	
By paid fuel & contingencies	153 31	
By paid directors attending election co supt. 1904	1 35	
By paid freight	21 00	
By paid school journal	7 00	
By paid tuition Smethport Boro and Bradford High Schools	61 62	
By paid publishing auditors report	31 50	
By paid auditors	33 00	
By paid directors attending directors' convention	10 00	
By paid com. on $11267.02 at 2%	225 34	11492 36

EX-TREASURER YERDON in account with Keating Twp. School District.

Dr.		
To bal. due Township last auditors report	215 36	215 36
Cr.		
By paid Treas. Decker	81 89	
By amount due township to bal.	133 53	215 36

LIABILITIES.

To amt. outstanding orders	2231 05	2231 05

RESOURCES.

By amt. due from Collector Farley	826 84	
By amt. due from ex-Collector Bray	2 01	
By amt. due from ex-treasurer Yerdon	133 53	
Liabilities over resources to bal.	1268 67	2231 05

We, the undersigned, Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Collector Farley and Treasurer Decker do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 9th day of June, A. D., 1906.

F. L. BROCKHAM (seal)
A. B. WASHBURN. (seal)
S. D. CRAWFORD (seal)

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

License Transfer Notice.

In re Application of Sone Lunden for transfer of liquor license at Quarter Sessions, McKean county, No. 67, June Sessions, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by Sone Lunden to the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean county on Monday, July 2, 1906, at 10:30 o'clock a. m. for the transfer of a retail license, granted May 17, 1906, to A. J. Potter for "Hotel Hazel" in the village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin township, Pa., situate at the corner of Main street and Cleveland avenue; the residence of Sone Lunden is Hazelhurst, Pa., and his occupation a former hotel keeper.

GALLUP & BOUTON,
Attys. for Petitioner.

Smethport, Pa., July 20, 1906.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

A. R. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bennignon.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women.
Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Holcer,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and is constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repaired and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENN'A.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the the market affords and the accommodation all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietor.

New Spring Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.